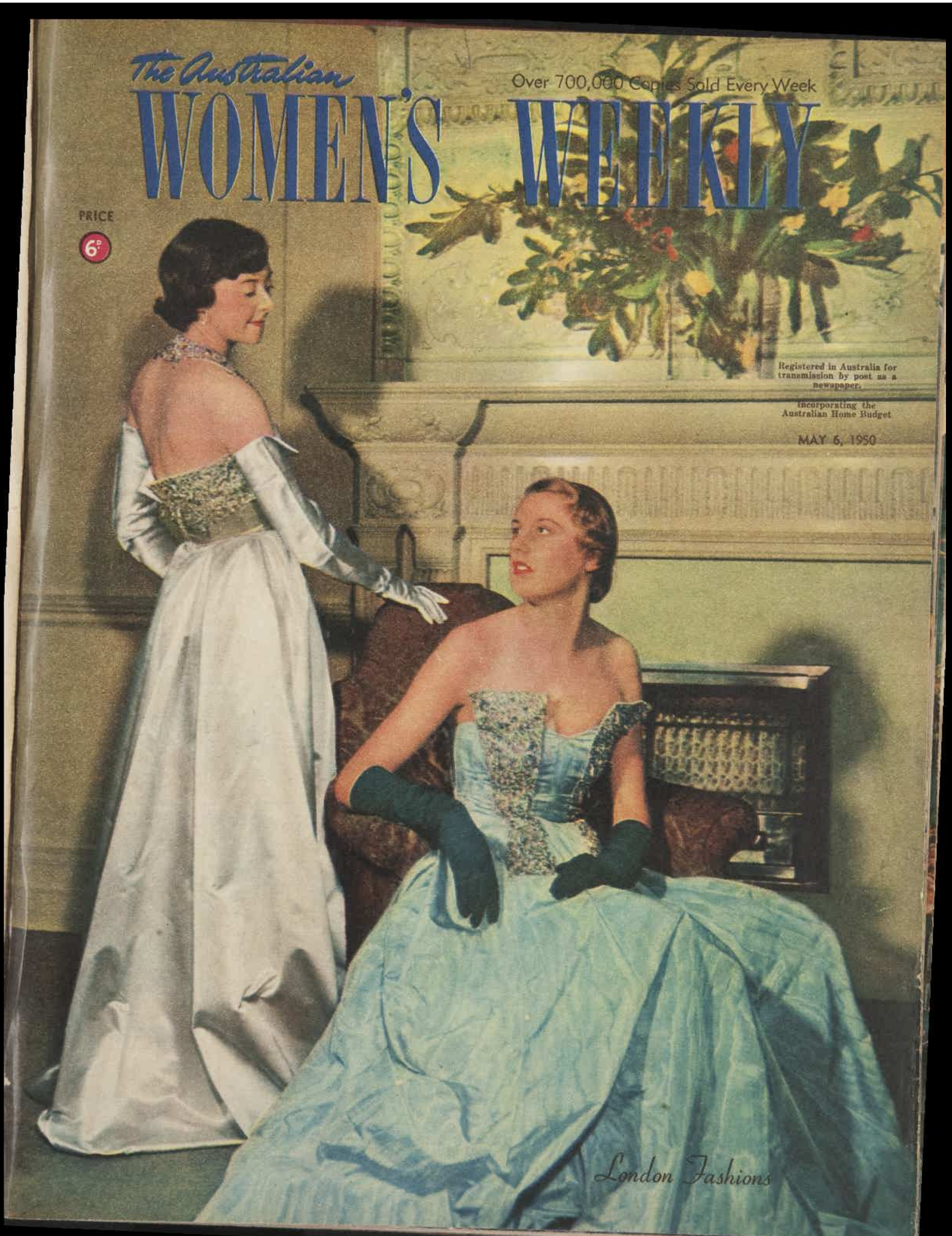


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COLDS, FLU, COMMONSENSE, —and 'ASPRO'!

The sensible attitude towards colds and 'flu is to do all you can to stop them taking hold of you. Fresh air — plain food — exercise and warm clothing — these are simple and good rules as far as circumstances permit you to follow them. But there's another important item to consider — **never be without 'ASPRO'**. The value of 'ASPRO' when colds and 'flu are about has been proved so many times down the years that to be without it in the home or in your handbag or pocket during the treacherous months really amounts to neglect. Get 'ASPRO' today!



3 WAYS to Take 'ASPRO' for COLDS and 'FLU —

You can use 'ASPRO' as a Gargle!

1 Mix 2 or 3 'Aspro' tablets in a half glass of water and gargle. This is a wise precaution when infection is about and also helps to relieve sore throat. Repeat every few hours if necessary.

Take 'ASPRO' during the day!

2 If you suffer from grogginess, sneezing, shivery sensations and other early signs of a cold, get to work with 'Aspro' at once. Take a couple of 'Aspro' tablets every few hours—you'll find the discomfort will be soothed away, enabling you to carry on your job with a smile.

Or go to bed with 'ASPRO' and a Piping Hot Lemon Drink!

3 If your cold or 'flu has "got in first" you should go to bed and take 'Aspro' tablets with a hot lemon drink. 'Aspro' is an antipyretic or fever-reducer. It will quickly lower your temperature and make you more comfortable, thus giving Nature a chance to begin her healing work.

2 'ASPRO' tablets with your cup of tea for HOUSEWORK BLUES



When housework tells and you feel jaded and nerve-racked, try 'ASPRO' with your CUP OF TEA. You'll feel wonderfully soothed and calmed. It's a combination every housewife should know.

'ASPRO'-Swift-Certain-SAFE:

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HEADACHE
RHEUMATISM
NERVE PAINS
IRRITABILITY
PERIODIC PAINS
"MORNINGS AFTER"
NEURITIS
LUMBAGO
EARACHE
SCIATICA
TOOTHACHE
SLEEPLESSNESS
TEMPERATURE
SORE THROAT

GRATITUDE OF A QUEENSLAND MOTHER

Mrs. Jessica G. Galvin, of 5 Qualtrough Street, off Ipswick Road, South Brisbane, writes:—Dear Sirs,—I often wondered why it was people send you along the many testimonials which you use in your advertising, and now I know that it must be because of a great feeling of gratitude for what 'Aspro' has done for them. I have found 'Aspro' such a great boon in my home that I felt I would like to write to you about it.

We always use it at the first sign of a cold or sore throat and find that it always does what you claim for it. It will relieve a cold very quickly, and knowing it is quite safe to use I do not hesitate to give it to the children when required. They are very healthy specimens indeed, and I can truly say that 'Aspro' has played a big part in keeping us all fit.

THE PURITY OF 'ASPRO'

The purity of 'Aspro' conforms to the standard laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia — a guiding authority of the Medical Profession.

'ASPRO' leaves no "AFTER-EFFECTS"

Does not harm HEART or STOMACH

'ASPRO'

Nicholas Product

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The Light Touch

BY BROOKE HANLON

EVERY spring each of them changed, Lucille thought, her eyelids not even moving under a delicious weight of laziness.

This spring, this very day, she was turning nineteen. Three weeks ago Marsha reached twenty-one. A fortnight before, Paul had become twenty-four. Now it was her turn.

Lucille gloated for a moment. Her nineteenth birthday! Paul, home for the week-end, would add to the hilarity.

Paul was engaged and was home now to tell them about it. Next it would be Marsha engaged, and then—

Marsha engaged? Marsha, who didn't go out with any boys at all, the girl who never got any phone calls?

Lucille had gone merrily along thinking that her sister didn't care, but recently several things had happened to change her opinion.

When Lucille had come home from the Tennis Club dance last night, Marsha had been crying. A bitter and secret sort of weeping it had been, catching Lucille outside the bedroom door and pinning her there, her face strained and frightened.

If she opened her eyes it would be to see Marsha in the other bed, sleeping late in Saturday morning freedom.

Her fine dark hair on the pillow, dark blue eyes closed, and her soft profile turned upward in the morning light, Marsha would be quietly—and even beautifully—sleeping.

All that psychology would be sleeping too, behind her eyes and under her tranquil brow. At twenty-one Marsha was studying to be a child psychologist.

Lucille sat up at last, hesitantly, but her sister was gone. The covers were turned neatly back, Marsha-fashion, but a moment later Marsha was at the doorway. Her sister looked just as usual; Lucille made sure of that with one careful glance. She was standing with a tray.

"Happy birthday, chicken," she said, the huskily-sweet note in her voice which none of the boys ever heard. "It's breakfast in bed for you. You're only nineteen once. With love, with flowers, with scrambled eggs—"

Marsha arranged the breakfast on a bedside table. "Now how does it feel to be so terrifically mature?"

IT felt lush, Lucille reported. She started on the birthday breakfast, controlling her face, exclaiming over the treat, but the toast was hurting her throat, for in old slacks and cotton pullover and hugging one knee on the bed, Marsha was looking thinner and more vulnerable and gentle than ever.

"Did Paul come?" Lucille seized upon their brother as a safe topic.

"Yes. He's sleeping late, though. I must change." Marsha was saying something about working at the library, but her days were so likely to be made up of library work and pre-school-age clinics that Lucille stopped listening.

It was a worried tone in her sister's voice that caught her attention again.

"Dad didn't get home from the conference last night. He had an appointment to meet his new assistant in his office at eleven, too. Could you arrange to meet the creature and explain, Lucille?"

"New assistant?" Lucille said it vaguely.

"Yes, and he wants to find a place to live. Dad thinks that if one of us takes him in person around to Mrs. Steele's she'll let him have her little room."

Lucille was frowningly silent. A short while ago she would have pointed out that Marsha herself might pick the new man up, that he might even be nice-looking, but this morning she swallowed the words painfully.

"I suppose I can crowd it in," she said reluctantly. "My birthday party's to-night though, and everything."

"Just park him at Mrs. Steele's." Marsha was relieved. "He's pretty brilliant, Dad said."

"You know he's just another assistant," Lucille was tiredly beginning to dress now, too. "I can pick him up and then shop for the brawl, I suppose."

Suddenly she took the plunge. "What if he looks like a human being, Marsh? Why don't I snaffle him for you for the party?"

"For me?" Marsha asked lightly. "I keep telling you, baby, your crowd's so much younger." Marsha was brushing her hair very carefully. "Getting home in time to help with the supper, that's different."

Getting home from where, Lucille wondered helplessly. Home from the library? "It's silly to go on talking about a younger crowd," she pointed out. "Most of the boys I know were at the war when you were at school. Oh, well."

She yawned. "A new man, but you let him sit in Mrs. Steele's little room and sniff mothballs."

Please turn to page 4

All the gaiety of the party whirled about them, but Lucille's thoughts were far away

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The Light Touch

Continued from page 3

MARSHA'S defensiveness held. "This is an all-out library session I'm off to," she said. "It could go on far into the night."

There ought to be some way of taking hold of Marsha's thin shoulders and shaking them and telling her not to be afraid, Lucille thought. Marsha closed up with boys, and Lucille had seen the stiff and shy act she assumed in a casual foursome she herself had fixed up.

"Look, they're just boys, but sort of sweet sometimes." If she could have said that. "Like Dad. Like Paul."

They started downstairs together, and in the hall outside the dining-room Paul, coming up behind them, caught hold of Marsha roughly.

"Yah," he saluted, and "Yah, yourself," Marsha returned, laughing.

Paul caught Lucille by the hair, pulling her head back for a brotherly birthday kiss. Their grins banged together. They all sat at the breakfast table and had coffee and watched Paul eat. They heard the story of his wonderful girl.

Towards the end of the breakfast Lucille tried to transfer the chore of meeting the assistant to him, but Paul was not having any.

"I'm taking my car for a check-up," he stated definitely. "I'll drop Marsha at the library and that's all."

Lucille and her mother watched them go. A lot of packages had come in the mail for Lucille, Mrs. Ralston remembered immediately. "Some flowers too," she added.

Lucille opened the boxes and looked at the cards. She stood in the litter of wrappings.

"You waited until Marsha was gone to bring these out, didn't you, Mother?" she asked. "Her birthday was just three weeks ago, wasn't it? But don't you see you can't handle it that way? She's too keen."

"I can try," her mother said.

"I'm not even as pretty."

"Now, darling, don't look at it that way. Things work out all right."

"They're not working out!" Lucille crumpled the wrappings savagely.

A little of the birthday feeling came seeping back, however, while she was dusting the downstairs rooms. She could stop now to touch one of the Billy McKeever roses, could stand for a moment looking at the Hewlitt Britton flowers too.

"By the way, it's Hewlitt I like best," she sang to her mother blithely.

"I must mark that down," Mrs. Ralston said dryly. "One of us may forget. Lucille loves Hewlitt as of the twenty-seventh."

"I didn't say anything about love. And if you're going into that 'in love with love' routine, then I do give up."

She dropped the duster in dismay. "That character in Dad's office. What time is it?"

She backed her father's car out at exactly ten minutes past eleven. She was dressed in lemon-yellow, clutching a hastily improvised shopping list on which was scratched the name of the new assistant. The name was Quentin Ryan.

She drove her father's car with a recklessness which he would have been surprised to witness, and she arrived at his third-floor office with no breath left at all.

If the character leaning against the wall outside the office door was the new department member—but no, her mind flashed swiftly, he couldn't be . Not that one.

He was taking her in too, one shoulder anchoring him against the wall, his face tanned and blank, and his blue eyes lazy.

"Take it easy," he advised. "Mr. Ralston's not here yet." He was smoking a cigarette and cupping ashes carefully in his palm. "Name's Ryan," he volunteered.

"Quentin?" she hazarded. "That's quite a trick."

When she leaned forward to survey the improvised ashtray her cap of curls fell forward as she had known it would. "Won't you burn your hand? Wherever did you pick up such a routine?"

"I picked it up places you'll never see. Do you know where I might find Mr. Ralston?"

"He's out of town, tied up at a conference. I'm his daughter Lucille, though." She had the key out now.

"Just come in," she invited graciously, her head high, her skirt flirting.

"Are you really Benjamin Ralston's daughter?" They hadn't yet sat down but were facing each other across the desk. "That is, do celebrated economists have daughters all done up in chintz?"

"It's sharkskin."

"Would the hair be real?"

"It would be. Does that mean you like it?"

"It does. How old?"

"The hair?" She tossed it. "I've always had it — going on twenty years, that is. Now, about a roof over your head."

They were in the car, then, and she was driving a shade more recklessly than before, perhaps, and for the benefit of Quentin Ryan, who went on looking at her with laughing and lazy eyes.

"Your father is really the Benjamin Ralston who wrote European Dilemma?"

> *"Middle age is when you've met so many people that every new person you meet reminds you of someone else."*
>
> —Ogden Nash

"You know about that?"

"I know about it. It's why I'm here."

"Well, Dad wrote it all right. If you think he's making any money out of it, you're crazy."

"Ah, money. What's that?"

"Dad thought of the book as his war work," Lucille said. "If more people would read it . . ."

"They will." He was sure. "It's the sort of thing that has to seep. That's my technique with a girl, by the way."

When they turned away from Mrs. Steele's door there was still a three-day homeless period confronting Quentin Ryan. Mrs. Steele had a visiting niece in her little room until Tuesday.

They sat in the car and looked around and looked at each other, and on this clear and sun-drenched day the housing problem faded more and more into insignificance.

"Now let's see—" Lucille beat the steering wheel lightly with her palms.

"I've taken up enough of your time."

"Oh, no. I have the car all day. Father will beat me up if I don't get you stowed away properly," she explained.

It was in the White Coffee-pot at two o'clock that Lucille began to wonder what might be happening to her. They were parked on stools at the counter and they seemed to have been there for ever.

The attendant moved up from time to time to fill their coffee mugs. Lucille would think of a new place to try at infrequent intervals; Ryan would move to the phone booth to put in a call but he came back each time shaking his head.

The hands of the flat white clock above the coffee urns were moving towards three now and Quentin Ryan still had no place to sleep and the party shopping wasn't finished, but such prosaic detail continued to be a side issue.

The real issue, Lucille thought, was how soon Quent would say, "When am I going to see you again?" What if he said, "How about to-night?" and she was all snarled up with the party? What if she had to drop him somewhere eventually and he had said nothing at all?

And then Lucille had a new thought, such an exciting one that she had to look fixedly down into her coffee cup and keep her face carefully blank. Wasn't there the little sewing-room at home with a comfortable day bed in it? Lucille slipped from her stool.

She came back from the booth with a great outward show of unconcern.

"You are spending the next three days with the Ralstons," she announced. "Mrs. Ralston cordially invites, in fact she insists. I'm having a bunch in to-night."

Her voice came a little haltingly on this. "If you cared to you might mill around for a while. Paul sometimes does—that is, about the time the food is served. You'll like my brother."

"All right." His eyes were on her face and his smile was different. It touched only the corners of his mouth and gently. "I'll come."

They picked up his bags, they finished the shopping for the party. Quent was getting into the spirit of the thing.

He said, stowing things expertly, in the car: "One of these days we'll have a picnic of our own, just a two-some. You pick your spot and I'll show you what a woodsman from away back can cook up in the open. Any good fishing around here?"

Lucille's heart had leaped. "Divine fishing," she said promptly, starting the car.

They landed out on Table Rock of course. Quent sat visibly soaking in the sun and squinting out over the river and he seemed very much at home in this locale.

"It's just the sort of town I like," he reported after a lazy interval. "I'll have fun here. You're sure about the fishing?"

"Sure as sure," Lucille murmured. She was flat on her back on Table Rock, her eyes closed, and her arms shielding them from the sun.

"The real fishing is up above the falls." She succeeded in making her voice sound sleepy. "Dad has a week-ender up there and I could take you up to-morrow. You did say something about a picnic."

"Fine," he returned. "Great. It's a deal."

"I ought to go home and get busy about the party," she said reluctantly. "I ought to be slapping oysters into patties and slicing cheese and all those things. And I promised mother I'd make the ice cream."

They reached the house in too short a time, were caught up into the life of the family. Quent's bags and Quent were stowed in the little sewing-room and Mrs. Ralston made him graciously welcome.

But down in the kitchen with Lucille she closed the door rather definitely upon that.

"Couldn't you at least have brought the food home earlier, Lucille?" she questioned patiently. "Marsha telephoned. She's having dinner with Amy Vincent in town and then going back to the library. And here we are—a mob coming to-night, and Paul home, and now a house guest."

"You're not really cross, darling," Lucille assured her mother. "It's my birthday. Quent will help."

"Quent." Her mother merely said it. "It's Hewlitt I like," she reminded.

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

PART THREE OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

By MARGOT NEVILLE

ATTRACTIVE, trouble-making ENONE McGRATH is murdered at the little resort of Come-hither Bend when on her way to spend the week-end at the home of her guardian, VIO THOMAS.

Other occupants of the resort include KENNETH SYMONDS, engaged to Enone; ATHOL BOYD, his artist friend; HARRY, Vio's houseman; ELIZABETH ROWAN, who lives with PETER and BRIGID CONNELL.

NANCY PHILLIPSON, who shared a city flat with ENONE, and TED FANSHAWE, in love with Elizabeth, are frequent visitors. MR. and MRS. DRUITT keep the local store.

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and SERGEANT MANNING, investigating the case, discover that Elizabeth visited Enone's flat very early the morning after the murder. Under cross-examination, Brigid tells Grogan that Elizabeth went there to collect some letters for Kenneth, but Kenneth, summoned promptly, denies the whole story.

Now read on—

ELIZABETH got up, her face flushing and paling in turns. "But, Kenneth! . . . you mean to say that you weren't—that you didn't—"

"Didn't come here," he ended for her. "Didn't ask you to do this for me. By the way, did you get these alleged letters of mine?"

"Yes, a small packet in a blue envelope."

"What did you do with them; where are they?"

"I put them in the incinerator before I left the building, as you asked."

He burst out laughing. "Oh, really!"

Brigid said: "Then you deny it all?"

"Deny it? Of course I deny it. I was in bed and asleep at that hour. I haven't set foot in this place—inside or out—since eight-thirty last night."

Grogan said: "Then what about these two witnesses to the contrary, Mr. Symonds?"

Kenneth looked from Elizabeth to Brigid. Even at that moment his face had lost nothing of its friendliness.

"Well, I can only say either that you two girls had a very realistic dream—"

"Don't be silly. We were up making tea in the kitchen."

"Or that someone around here is a better actor than we know."

"Are you suggesting it was somebody taking you off?" Grogan asked.

"Of course, what else?"

"Who?"

"Oh, I don't know who. I can't go as far as that. All I say is that I—apparently—am seen here, in a half light, with a hat pulled down over my eyes, wearing a light overcoat—which overcoat, by the way, hangs up in the hall when I'm at home, and the front door is open night and day."

"Where's your bedroom? Near the front?"

"No. In summer I sleep on the verandah on the courtyard. What I'm suggesting is that this apparent 'I,' in my coat and hat, opens up the talk under the window this morning in a hoarse whisper: 'It's me—Kenneth!' Am I right?"

Brigid said: "Quite right."

"You see, Inspector?"

Grogan nodded. "Could be. What about this old overcoat of yours at Druitt's store?"

"What?"

"The one you left there a month ago. Did you get it back?"

"No . . . No, I didn't, now I come to think of it. I'd forgotten all about it. It's still there, so far as I know. Someone might have got hold of that one. Someone who had written Enone letters—threatening letters or something—that they had to get back."

"Do you know anyone that felt that way about her?"

"No, I can't say I do. But poor little Enone—she was mischievous, irresponsible at times. Sometimes her vanity landed her in very explosive situations."

"How did you feel about that? Did you write her any letters objecting to her behaviour?"

"Certainly not. I know there was nothing in it. Petty jealousy's not in my line."

He went on reasonably, "Anyway, Inspector, if I had sent Miss Rowan on this errand I'd surely have asked her to bring the letters back and hand them over to me. Wouldn't I?"

"You might not have. You might've thought it'd be a big temptation to her to have a peep inside the envelope on the way home." Kenneth opened his mouth to protest, but Grogan flapped a hand at him.

"Or you might've been afraid that when she got back she'd hear about the murder and not be any too anxious to hand 'em over to you."

Kenneth sighed. "I give up. All I can say is, it wasn't me, it was someone else."

Brigid went and stood beside him near the rail.

"I'm sorry, Kenneth, about all this. You've been very good. Not one word of reproach—"

"Why, my sweet Brigid! But don't you worry. You told what you thought was the truth. Very sensibly. Frankly, I mean to do the same, on every occasion in this investigation."

His tone had an edge to it. Or hadn't it? Nancy came to life again.

"That's what I say. No holds barred for sweet friendship's sake." She leant up on her elbow, her dark eyes resting on Kenneth.

When Grogan and Manning left, they stood a moment outside the house.

Manning mused aloud: "The whole crew of 'em! As pat as you please. That black-eyed dame making out she couldn't tell a lie! Huh! I reckon her and her friend McGrath weren't too friendly."

"Here's another one," Grogan said. "Can you think of any reason why McGrath didn't have a powder compact in her handbag?"

Manning's disapproving pop-eyes seemed to be conjuring up an array of young faces.

"Well, off-hand, I can think of one reason. Some girls go in for that smooth, shiny look—no powder at all. My sister's eldest kid Gwen—"

"O.K. But this kid McGrath had plenty on. And what about no lipstick in her bag? Don't tell me any of them like their lips just as God made 'em."

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"Sorry!" Grogan exclaimed as the contents of the bag spilled out on to the table.

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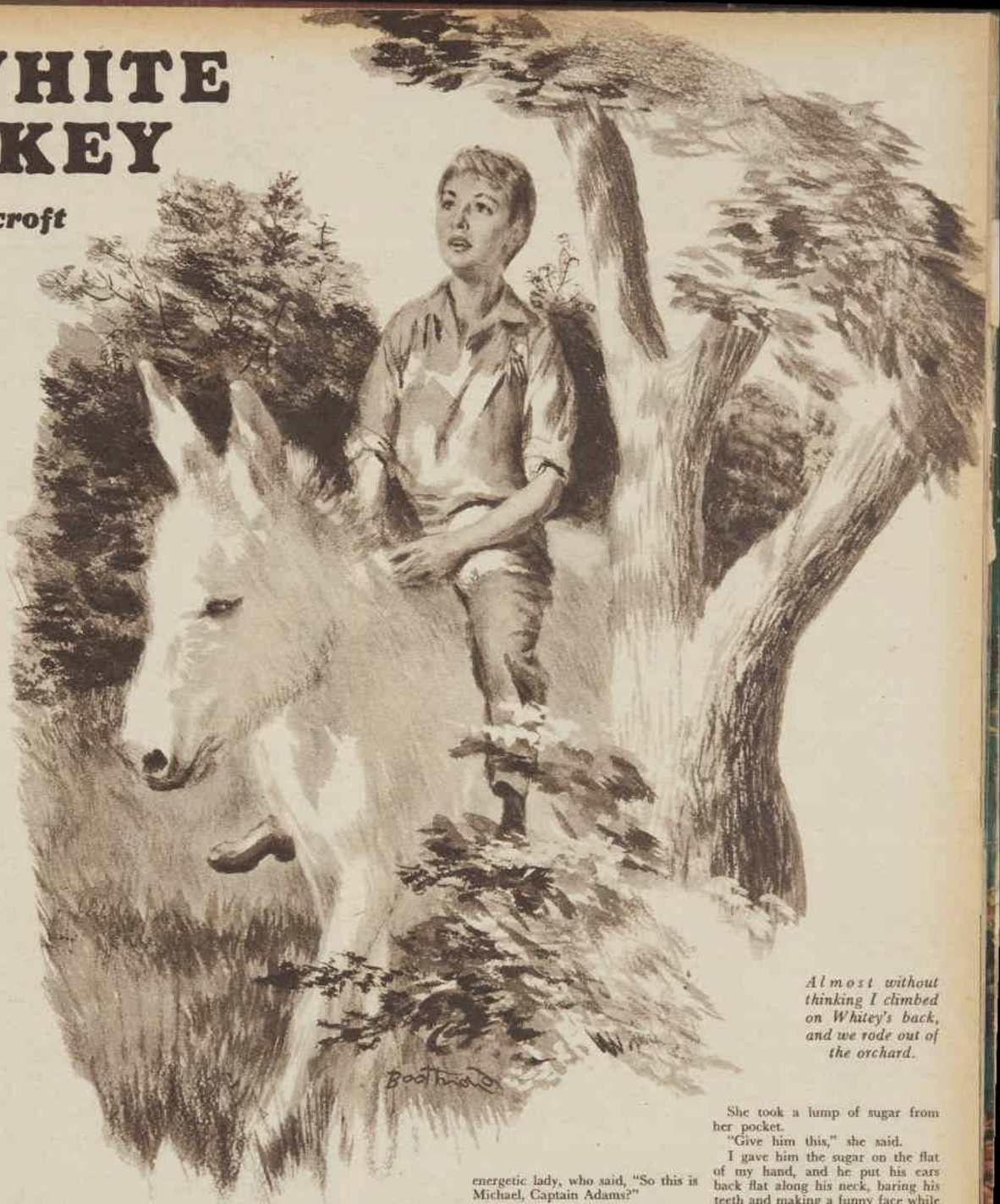
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MY WHITE DONKEY

By T. O. Beachcroft



Almost without thinking I climbed on Whitey's back, and we rode out of the orchard.

I CAN remember now how very light the room looked. I can remember our two iron bedsteads, with the white counterpanes, and the bare stretch of uncarpeted boards: a spacious, airy bedroom for two boys of eight and eleven.

"Well, boys," said my father "no more talking now, time you went off to sleep."

"Father," said Goller—for that was my brother's nickname—"don't go for a moment. I must tell you. I took my new pony over that highest jump in the field, and he cleared it beautifully. And then he went at full gallop against old Thomas, absolutely whizzing: and he's every bit as fast. I swear he is. I'm going to call him 'Demon'."

I kept silent. My mother appeared in the doorway to fetch father down to dinner.

"What Goller says is quite true," mother said. "That new pony is really fast, and he can jump, too. I think I made a good buy."

"Father, he's ripping," said Goller. "And I'm going to hunt him. Aren't I, Mum?"

"We'll see," said father.

"Of course I am," said Goller. "He's my pony. You can't stop me."

"If you're going to talk in that silly way," said father sharply, "I shall certainly stop you."

There was a brief, uncomfortable silence. Then Goller, trying to show that he did not care, made the remark that I had been dreading all the evening.

"I say, Father; that thing," he said, pointing at me as I sat on my bed, "is afraid of Demon. It's a funk. It's afraid of horses!"

I was scorched all over with shame, and felt my hands grow hot and wet. I could not look up and meet father's eyes: or mother's.

I could feel that she was looking at me, now, with a kindly yet contemptuous smile around the corners of her mouth. She knew. Only an hour or two ago, she had watched the whole hateful scene, to which Goller was now referring.

"I can't," I had said. "I can't!" Then I had wept. And she, half smiling, half angry with me, as she was now, had said, in a spasm of irritation, "What a scene! What a dreadful cry baby! All right, go in and play with your teddy bear."

In the long silence that followed Goller's remark, I still knew they were looking at me.

"Keep quiet," said father at length to Goller. "Of course he's not afraid of horses."

I was very grateful to father for coming to my rescue. I believed that somehow he would find a way to help me.

Mother and father went away, and I lay face downwards on my bed, with my pillow over my head, and refused to listen to Goller. His nickname was short for Goliath; father had called him Goliath when he was little more than a baby, because he was so unusually big and strong. Now Goller was nearly eleven, and I was eight.

For the past three years we had been living in London; then we had gone back to the country again. To Goller, riding and everything to do with riding was familiar; but, in London, I had never learned to ride; I had never grown friendly with horses.

Now it seemed that mother and Goller did nothing but ride. Mother, looking unbelievably slim and boyish, seemd to be turning into a half-strange riding mistress. As for Goller, he became bossy and aggressive. Horses brought out the most unpleasant streak in his character.

Meanwhile weeks had gone by, and it was not till Goller's new pony came that my dreadful secret was brought to light. I was afraid.

The next day, and the day after, no suggestion was made that I should go riding with the others. I tried to keep away from the rest of the family as much as possible.

One day, I was sitting in the dining-room, more or less forgotten by my parents. Father had been reading from the local paper to mother. He now turned to the advertisements and began to make comments on them; he was looking for horses, needless to say.

Suddenly he gave a laugh, and said to mother: "Listen to this one, Ruth. 'White donkey with a soft furry coat, and very long, furry ears; scarlet reins; used to children.' Shall I get him?"

"What on earth for?" said mother.

"I don't know," said father. "I just wondered."

"Don't be absurd," said mother. "What use would he be?"

Father saw me looking round the edge of the curtains, and he went on reading another advertisement. I returned to my book, but I found myself picturing the donkey and thinking about him. Just how long would those ears be, I wondered; and would he be really and truly white.

A few days later, father said to me: "Want to come out in the pony-trap with me this morning, just you and me alone?"

"Oooh—yes," I said. "Where?"

"A little surprise," he said.

So we set off, and after quite a long drive we came to a strange house. Only the tops of three gables could be seen peering over a high stone wall.

"This is it," said father. "You wait here, and hold the reins."

He vanished inside the wall, and presently came back with a stout, energetic lady, who said, "So this is Michael, Captain Adams?"

"Yes," said father. "Come on, Michael. Shake hands with Mrs. Davenport."

We went through the house, and into the garden beyond, and into the orchard; and there was a small donkey, just as I had imagined him, snowy white, with ears so long that they fell forward as he cropped the grass.

"Talk to him, Michael," said the strange lady. "Pat him. He's used to boys; but mine are all too big for him now."

Rather cautiously, I put out my hand, and patted the soft, warm fur on his neck. He took no notice, beyond twitching one of his long ears. His fur felt good, and I put my arm half round his neck.

Slowly he raised his head, and, turning towards me, began in comical friendliness to rub his forehead up and down against my jersey; and then to nibble it.

I laughed.

"There," said the stout lady. "I told you he liked boys."

"He's eating my jersey."

She took a lump of sugar from her pocket.

"Give him this," she said.

I gave him the sugar on the flat of my hand, and he put his ears back flat along his neck, baring his teeth and making a funny face while he took it.

We all laughed; and then I found his eyes were looking straight into mine. It was as if he had deliberately caught my eye. His eyes were large, soft as velvet, and a dark, almost a purple-brown. They seemed to have a depth of humor, and a hint of reproach; as much as to say, "Why laugh at me?"

"Well, Michael," said father. "Would you like to have him?"

"Me?" I said. "How do you mean?"

"Have him for your own," he said, "as a pet; as a kind of extra large dog. Would you like him?"

"Yes," I said.

"He's a very nice donkey," said the stout lady. "You'll find he has some very funny ways."

A day or two later, father went off on his horse, and came back at a slow walk, leading Whitey. We put him in our orchard, and he stood quite still, deep in thought, and looking a little lost.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4311848

London Spring



● Peter Russell makes double pockets a feature on this classic tailored suit with slim skirt in a lovely shade of pale flamingo. He teams with it a scarf and hat of hand-woven wool in shades of grey, white, and flamingo.



● Bouffant and strapless, the most favored style for formal evening gowns, this Hartnell model is of blue net mounted over lilac satin giving a lovely opalescent effect. It is trimmed with clusters of blue and lilac sequins.

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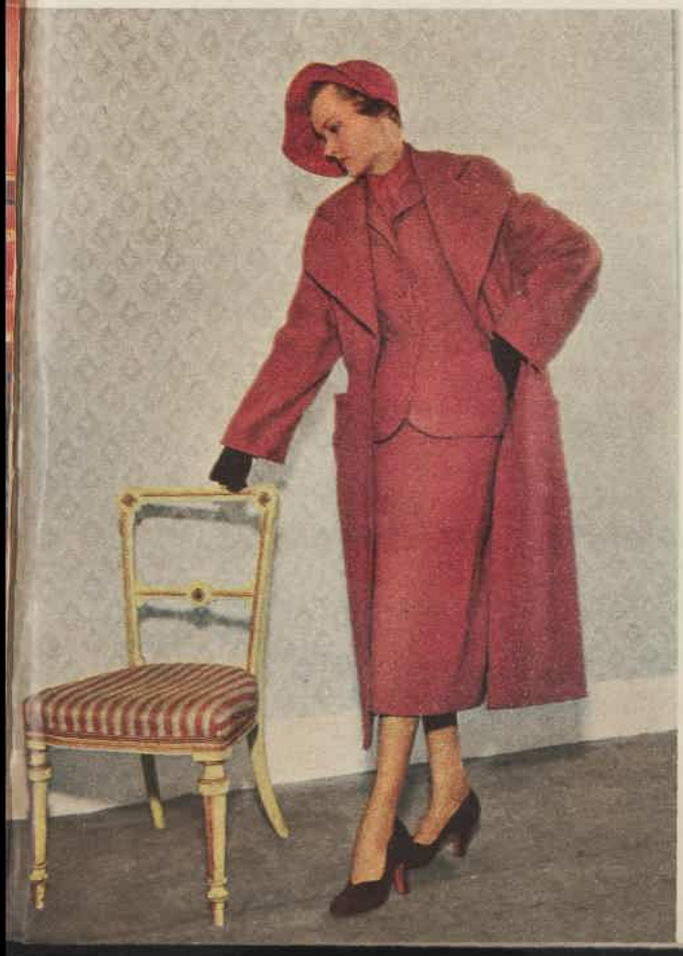
EXQUISITE colors and beautiful fabrics were the outstanding features of spring collections shown by the "Big Ten" leading London designers. Models on these pages are from Mattli, Peter Russell, Hardy Amies, and Norman Hartnell.



● As well as using a crepe-de-chine printed with a horizontal Egyptian design for the gown at right, Norman Hartnell has styled the gown on slender Egyptian lines and trimmed it with Egyptian embroidery. Slight draping breaks the straight-across line of the skirt.



● Hardy Amies keeps to traditional lines in this shantung suit, but cuts the sleeves to the current below-elbow length with neat turned-back cuffs. A clever fashion note is the shoes made of matching shantung.



● Invaluable ensemble for bitter winter days is the Peter Russell three-piece, at left. His suit is cut on long, slenderising lines and the big collar of the topcoat can be worn up or down. The hat has a draped and pleated brim.

● The bloused line with bulk around the shoulders and upper arms is the main feature of the Mattli plaid jacket, at right, worn over a plain, straight grey frock. Color photographs by Alec Murray, formerly of Sydney.



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MOTHER'S DAY — FOURTEENTH DAY OF MAY

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SEVEN YEAR Hoodoo



"Officer," the girl cried angrily, and pointed to Mrs. O'Brien, "this woman is holding a man prisoner."

By JOE McCARTHY

PROUDLY Mrs. O'Brien claimed that her boarding house was the most exclusive in Massachusetts, more exclusive than a palace. She boasted that through her portals passed only socially acceptable graduates of exclusive colleges who were studying at Harvard Law School.

"Let the rank and file go elsewhere," she often said. "I take only the cream of the Law School."

And so I was somewhat surprised towards the end of my second year in her house when Pedro Montoya moved his luggage into the second-floor front.

He had never been to an exclusive college and he was not in the Law School. In fact, he had never been able to get into college at all. That was his big problem.

Pedro was a Peruvian who had been trying unsuccessfully for many years to pass the College Board Entrance Examinations that would make him a Harvard freshman. He was not really stupid but he did think that a mechanical drawing was some sort of lottery.

Pedro could recall only vaguely his prep-school days. It had been so long ago. He had finally graduated from High School because he was growing older than the instructors.

He came down to take entrance examinations for Harvard and he flunked. He spent the following year at an expensive tutoring school that attempted to cram probable examination questions and answers into the thick heads of spoiled rich boys and football players. He flunked again.

When I met him, Pedro had been flunking and tutoring and flunking for seven years. He was not getting any closer to the Harvard freshman class, and he was not getting any younger.

"Why don't you forget Harvard?" I asked. "There are plenty of other colleges—"

"My father. He tells me I can never again enter the gate of our home in Peru unless I throw in a Harvard degree first. My father has a profound admiration for J. P. Morgan and Ronald Colman. They went to Harvard so I must go there, too."

"I never knew Ronald Colman was a Harvard man."

"Ah, yes. My father heard him say in a movie that he went to Harvard. It was a movie called 'The Late George Appley.'"

Pedro's presence in the house was not objectionable. As a matter of fact, it was a relief to have somebody around who wasn't worried to death about the law exams. But I couldn't help wondering why Mrs. O'Brien had rented him a room.

One day, when I found her alone on the front porch, I sat down beside her and picked up one of the peas she was shelling and chewed it.

"Come clean with me," I said. "You're always saying that nobody can live here except law students. How did Pedro Montoya get into your house?"

Mrs. O'Brien opened another pod of peas and popped one of them deftly into her mouth. She gazed into space.

"I haven't forgotten about that money you lent me last week," she said. "I'll try to squeeze it out of my old man's pay for you Friday. But I don't know how I'll make ends meet. The bill collectors are closing in on me again."

"Don't change the subject," I said. "The Harvard freshman class won't take Pedro. Why did you?"

Mrs. O'Brien turned her gaze slowly towards me.

"The Good Neighbor Policy," she said, without batting an eye. "Mr. Montoya is from Peru. I am doing my bit to promote good relations between the Americas."

I stared at her sceptically until she broke under the strain.

"All right," she said, sitting back in her chair. "I'll let you in on it. But don't go spreading it all over the place so that everybody in the university will know about it."

I lit a cigarette.

"I admit that Mr. Montoya does not meet the requirements of my house," Mrs. O'Brien said. "But I let him in here because renting him a room is part of a little deal he and I have made."

"A deal?"

"Yes, a deal. I have guaranteed to get him through the entrance examinations and into Harvard this year."

Mrs. O'Brien knew how to get the most out of a good line. When she had the audience in the palm of her hand, she did not hurry to close her fist. She calmly shelled several peas without another word, savoring suspense.

"Bribery is a dangerous racket," I said, trying to seem casual. "And I understand that the people who correct those exams cannot be reached with any amount of money."

Mrs. O'Brien did not even bother to comment. I tried again.

"Isn't tutoring a bit out of your line? Besides, how can you hope to succeed where the best exam tutors have failed?"

"It isn't a question of tutoring. Mr. Montoya is a fair-enough student, although he is weak in English literature. Last year there was a question about poets. He said Wordsworth was a man who owned a string of five-and-ten-cent stores."

"If it isn't tutoring," I said, "what is it?"

"Girls," Mrs. O'Brien said.

There was another dramatic pause. I waited it out.

"Perhaps I should say too much politeness on Mr. Montoya's part as far as girls are concerned," she said.

"I had a long talk with Mr. Montoya and Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones is the tutor who had been handling Mr. Montoya for the past few years. Well, the three of us agreed that Mr. Montoya is being kept out of Harvard by only one little thing."

"His brain."

"Don't be so smart. Mr. Jones says Mr. Montoya would be sure to pass those exams if he would only stay in his room and study the night before he takes them. Of course, he studies for months and months. But Mr. Jones says that, in order to pass, he needs a last-minute review of everything. For seven years he has flunked the exams the next day."

"Let's get more specific," I said. "What happened last year?"

"He made the mistake of leaving his room and going out to buy a packet of cigarettes."

"Don't tell me there was a girl inside the packet!"

Please turn to page 39

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PART III

The Little Princesses

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

IN the previous instalments of "The Little Princesses" Marion Crawford, governess for 16 years to Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, has described the happy early days of the family of the Duke and Duchess of York, which were cut short by the abdication of Edward VIII, and the coronation of his brother as King George VI. The little family settled reluctantly into their new official life which meant that the delightful relationship between the parents and children had to be curtailed. Further separations were made inevitable by the outbreak of war and evacuation of the Princesses to Scotland.

SINCE George VI had been crowned the shadows were closing in on England. They were, I think, realised in the palace a long time before they fell over the streets outside.

Meanwhile there were the garden parties to which the little girls now began to go with Mummie and Papa.

For these occasions they wore very simple afternoon frocks—these were usually of tussore silk, often hand-smocked, quite short, with knickers to match—and straw hats and white cotton socks.

They were never in the least interested in what they were going to wear, and just put on what they were told. People liked to see them at these affairs, but I don't think the children enjoyed them much.

Three thousand people are always asked to the garden parties. They crowd the gardens and mob the King and Queen.

The little girls, being small at that time, must have suffered from lack of air in all that crush, especially on a hot day.

I personally always avoided these parties. I had a far better time sitting in the window of my room with a tea tray and a pair of field glasses.

The family always split up into parties and moved around among their guests, being affable to everyone and saying a word to this person and that.

It is always a great joy to them to recognise a face they know.

They make their way across the lawns to an enclosed space, where they have their own tea pavilion and entertain members of the diplomatic corps and any special guests.

The King and Queen personally go through the whole list of those invited, all three thousand of them, and select those they wish to be invited into the private enclosure.

Should they come across the names of a miner and his wife who have been asked perhaps because of record breaking in the pits, or an airwoman who has made a distinguished trip, or someone who has lately won a tournament, the Master of the Household is instructed to find them and bring them along to be presented to Their Majesties.

Anybody who has gained distinction in any walk of life may be singled out in this way.

Both the little girls used to breathe a sigh of relief when they at last got through the crowds and came into the enclosure.

Meanwhile Queen Mary would be going round by another route, smiling and greeting her friends and anyone else that she happened to recognise.

Queen Mary is always a most popular figure at these parties. She, too, finally arrives at the Royal Enclosure.

The first time Lilibet and Philip appeared in public together was at one of these parties, where, like any other newly engaged girl, Lilibet went round proudly showing off her new engagement ring.

At the last garden party which my husband and I attended, the chief figure round whom everyone flocked and who got the royal welcome of the day was not a member of the family at all. It was Winston Churchill.

He arrived smoking his big cigar, came down the steps from the Bow Room into the garden to find a royal reception waiting for him.

A path had been cleared for him through the crowds, and everyone clapped and fought to shake his hand or pat his shoulder.

So this grand old warrior made his way over the garden to have tea with the King.

At six o'clock a gentle hint that it is time to go home is given when the band plays the National Anthem.

The family form a procession and go back to the palace. I remember being very amused once, hearing Lilibet instruct Margaret before they went down to one of these parties as to how she must behave.

"And if you do see someone with a funny hat, Margaret, you must not point at it and laugh," she told her sister solemnly, "and you must not be in too much of a hurry to get through the crowds to the tea-table. That's not polite either."

Although none have been held since the war, owing to clothes rationing and so on, the high spot of the London season had always been the Courts at which the year's batch of debutantes would be presented by their mothers to the King and Queen.

These were far more formal than the Royal parties. The invitation is a personal one.

To have been presented at Court in this way gives a certain social standing, and the entree to courts abroad, so that the privilege is much sought after.

People cannot apply for an invitation to a Court as they can to a garden party, which confers no social distinction whatever.

Girls must be brought by their mothers or some other relation who herself has the entree.

Each girl must be presented again on her marriage, in her new name.

These can in turn present to the King and Queen their own children, or others of their circle, but they are required to be entirely responsible for them.

Official dress was always worn at the Courts. This gives to the whole evening an air of glamor.



YACHTING HOLIDAY on the Royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, meant a bout of seasickness for the little Princesses. Here Elizabeth and Margaret, recuperating on the sun deck, are watched over by their mother.

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VISIT TO THE ZOO was one of the treats arranged to entertain Elizabeth and Margaret Rose during their parents' absence on the Royal tour of Canada. An introduction to the panda was a highlight of the occasion.



PIANO PRACTICE at Windsor Castle for the Princesses is enlivened by the company of the Corgi, Jane, one of the Queen's collection of these dogs, and Princess Elizabeth's favorite. Jane was later killed by a car driven by one of the gardeners, to whom Elizabeth wrote a letter of sympathy.

Overseas interest in Princesses

The men wear knee breeches and silk stockings, tailed coats and medals and orders.

The women wear full evening dress and five-foot trains. In their hair they have three curled ostrich feathers, and a long white tulle veil hanging down behind.

The King and Queen, wearing their crowns and very beautiful jewels, sit side by side on two thrones, the other members of the family present grouped behind them with their equerries and ladies-in-waiting.

Those to be presented pass in front of Their Majesties and make their curtsies as their names are called out by the Lord Chamberlain.

All this is done to soft music played by a band of one of the Guards regiments in a gallery above the Throne Room.

Ushers with long rods sweep up the ladies' trains for them, and throw them skilfully over the owner's arm when the curtsy is finished.

There was always a feeling of excitement in the palace on the night of a Court.

The little girls in their dressing-gowns used to peep through the windows at the crowds of cars, the Beefeaters—old soldiers, now pensioners at the Tower of London, who wear a most picturesque red uniform with a big, white, Elizabethan ruff—and the lorry load of Boy Scouts who always attend to act as messengers.

"We have a fly's-eye view," Lilibet said.

The high spot of the evening was when they went down to see their mother and father dressed and ready to make their entrance. Other members of the family came along also in their Court finery.

We always waited with real excitement to see what Aunt Marina, the Duchess of Kent, would be wearing. For she was one of the loveliest of them all.

I remember particularly one dress of hers. It was white brocade with pink and silver flowers embossed on it, very simply made as a background for her magnificent jewels.

She wore a diamond-and-ruby tiara and a diamond-and-ruby necklace, which her husband had given her, and I have never seen anyone look more lovely.

Both the little girls admired her immensely and they took a passionate interest in her hats.

"When I am grown up," Margaret said, "I shall dress like Aunt Marina does." She told me that one day when she was about ten, and it is a promise she has tried hard to keep.

I always found the Duchess of Kent a very attractive person.

Personally an exceptionally beautiful woman, she is natural, home-loving, and domesticated. In those days, in the heyday of her youth and beauty, her home and children always came first with her.

I often went over to Coppins during the war. This was then her country house, and is now her permanent home. It was left to the Duke of Kent by the Queen of Norway, whose favorite nephew he was.

She always bathed the baby herself. I used to go over and watch her sometimes and think what a pretty picture she made with the little boy.

Prince Philip, who married Lilibet later, is her cousin. They both have that clean-cut Viking look.

In their pink quilted dressing-gowns, with rosebud pattern, the little girls would then watch the Royal procession form to enter the Throne Room.

We could hear the music from the band faint and far away, and we looked down on a sea of waving white ostrich feathers worn by the ladies in their hair.

"Never mind, Margaret," Lilibet said comfortingly, "one day you and I will be down there sharing all the fun. And I shall have a perfectly enormous train, yards long."

It was always a little difficult to get them to bed on these nights, for it was long after midnight before the last car started up, the last coach clattered out of the courtyard and silence fell.

Alas, long before the little girls were grown up, the Royal Courts with their pomp and splendor had been discontinued.

It was impossible to hold them during the war, and it is very doubtful if they will ever come back.

The garden and evening parties of to-day make a poor substitute.

There is little that is glamorous about them. There is no official dress.

Half the people never see the King and Queen at all, and very few personal presentations are made.

For the debutantes, the invitation to one of these parties now counts as a sort of ersatz presentation, with half the fun missing.

In the spring of 1939 the King and Queen went to Canada and the United States. I was left with the two Princesses at Buckingham Palace.

There had been some talk of our going to Marlborough House to be under Queen Mary's grandmotherly eye, but I was glad when the final decision was to leave us in our familiar quarters.

It made less of an upheaval, and I felt the children would feel their parents' absence to be merely a temporary affair that way.

The actual departure had been rather slurred over in all the excitement of the packing and of inspecting Mummie's pretty new clothes.

The Queen always has to take a great deal of luggage on these official trips.

Dozens of evening frocks are necessary to cope with the differing climates and places she must appear.

All these are packed by her maids who are known as dressers. They have complete charge of her whole wardrobe. She must also take hats, bags, gloves, shoes for every outfit.

Two dressers always travel with her, and she takes a lady-in-waiting who also acts as her secretary.

The King takes his valet, a detective—usually the ubiquitous Mr. Cameron—and a couple of secretaries.

Sir Piers Leigh accompanied them to Canada as equerry.

He arranged all the social functions, and so on.

He was up in all the odd details of Court etiquette, which are pretty complicated but not entirely meaningless, and could pass them on to people wanting to entertain the King and Queen.

Queen Mary took the children down to Portsmouth for the final good-byes. I think the King and Queen felt the parting more than the children did.

They were enchanted by the train journey and seeing the ships.

Besides, they knew nothing about poor Mr. Chamberlain, at that time grasping his nettle in his efforts to dispel the gathering clouds of war.

I was afraid there might be tears when they got home to the empty palace and Mummie's and Papa's rooms with nobody in them.

But everything went off quite smoothly, and we began right away to make plans for their parents' return.

Children are always happy when they have something to look forward to.

I had strict injunctions to write often, and give all the details of the children's growth, how they were getting on, and how many new teeth appeared!

One day there was great excitement. We had a call on the trans-atlantic telephone.

The voice of the King and Queen came through so clearly they might have been in the next room.

We ended the conversation by holding the Queen's Corgi, Dookie, up and making him bark down the telephone by pinching him.

He was devoted to the Queen, poor Dookie, but very sour-natured otherwise. I never knew where he got his name. He came to the palace with it, I think.

He bit me once quite severely, and on another occasion took a large piece out of Lord Lothian's hand. With great fortitude his Lordship averred it was nothing! It did not hurt him at all.

"All the same, he bled all over the floor," Lilibet pointed out.

Meantime, Queen Mary kept an eye on us as she had promised to do. She is one of the kindest and most considerate people, and it is not for nothing that most of the staff in her employ have been there all their lives, and grown old with her.

She frequently took the children off my hands "to give you a bit of a rest, Crawfie." This was a wonderful opportunity, she felt, for packing in some educational visits.

Besides visits to museums, art galleries, the Bank of England and the Tower of London, she took us all one day over the Royal Mint. They were making the King's new seal, which we all inspected, and we saw the money being tied up into bags by machinery.

Another time Mr. Montagu Norman took us all over the vaults in the Bank of England. There was the gold, standing packed up all round.

"It looks just like bricks," said Lilibet, rather disappointed in it. Mr. Norman said anyone who could carry one of those bricks away could have it. How hard we tried! Alas, we could not even move one.

David and Michael Bowes-Lyon, the children's uncles, were very kind at this time and took the children off for week-ends with them. I did not go because they thought a little rest would be nice for me.

We had hundreds of letters and snapshots from all sorts of people in Canada and the United States along the way the King and Queen travelled.

These were often sent anonymously.

A stationmaster from some small town in America wrote saying he had seen the King and Queen go through his station, and he was sure the little Princesses would be glad to know they looked well.

A small boy took a snapshot of Their Majesties talking with Indians and squaws, and sent that. People from both countries posted them great bundles of comics, which they loved, to cheer them while their parents were away.

Other children wrote to them saying, "My mummie and daddy have been away in India for a long time, so we know what it must feel like for you."

It was a wonderful experience for the little girls to realise how many kind people there were in the world, and how many unknown friends they had who thought about them and wished them well, and this was the first time it had happened to them.

The King and Queen wrote long letters telling us of their various trips and of a picnic at Hyde Park.

"But that's just round the corner!" said Margaret, and I had to explain that there was another Hyde Park in the United States, where President Roosevelt lived.

Please turn to page 20

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Mother's Day... This year say it

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Everyone likes to be given a box of Mac. Robertson's "Old Gold" Chocolates. It's a perfect gift, and particularly suitable for Mother's Day.

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Reue Suggests

SHORT TOPCOATS

● American designers love the short topcoat. The one at right is made of greatcoat cloth, warm as toast and the color of toast. It is belted and bloused and is perfect for cold days over a slim dress.



● Another type of short topcoat is the smoothly fitted long jacket, above, made of chamois - colored fleece with topcoat type revers. Collar, sleeves, and pockets, are all hand welted.

● A French version of the same idea is Fath's short coat of heavy silver - grey slipper - satin for restaurant wear over a short, slim cocktail dress. It is equally successful in velvet.

● The jacket at left is shown above again, this time worn open and revealing over a long and slim - fitting dinner dress.

Fashion right
day or night!

Adelyn Toppers

The little topper is big fashion news. Choose your favourite in English Mohair by Adelyn. So smart for wearing over everything you own.



Left: FINGERTIP. The Adelyn with the 3-gore swing back, most effective pockets.



Right: FLYAWAY. The Adelyn with the butterfly-wing sleeves in the carefree new short length.



Left: HIP-LENGTH. The Adelyn with the slim trim look— made more exciting with important collar and pocket details.

FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

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1. Make sure the shoes fit correctly in the first place. If they don't fit correctly, they'll hurt the feet and wear badly.
2. Take care of the shoe leather. Rub plenty of polish well in daily—it preserves the leather and keeps it soft and pliable.
3. Let wet shoes dry slowly. Don't put them in front of a hot fire.
4. Paddle shoes can be repaired—don't let them get too worn before you take them to a boot-repairer.

NV892A

Good Shoes for All Ages of Children

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Philosopher Bertrand Russell here next month

Challenging views may shock some people at his lectures

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Australians can be prepared for a series of shocks as from June 23 onward. Some of the shocks may be agreeable, others stimulating, others perhaps too hair-raising for words. It all depends on individual reactions. On this date one of the greatest thinkers of our time, Bertrand Russell, will arrive by air for a lecture tour of the Commonwealth.

His snowy-haired Lordship—he is the third Earl Russell—is likely to cause a stir every time he speaks.

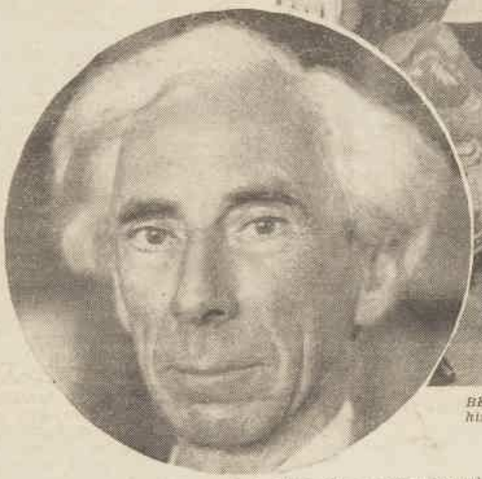


BERTRAND RUSSELL plays chess with his wife, whom he married in 1936. Formerly his secretary, she is his third wife. At left, recent portrait of the 77-year-old philosopher.

AT 77, Bertrand Russell is still physically nimble, intellectually spry, and as rebellious as ever against established convention.

He dresses better than a tramp. Not much better, though. You couldn't say that Savile Row would be proud to find its tailors' tabs inside his dingy and wrinkled garb. He cherishes the refreshing conviction that clothes are merely to keep you warm.

But there are other qualities to distinguish Russell and to go with his greatness as a philosopher — an impressive mane of silvery hair, well brushed; a wise, lined, but mischievously puckish face; a rare kindliness in his eyes; a precise, rather squeaky voice; a high but rollicking laugh; a handshake so gentle, so fragile, that you feel you are shaking a lily.



When he comes up to London from his mountain fastness in the village of Llan Festiniog, North Wales, he shelters in the quiet of a small hotel not far from the Albert Hall and looking out over Kensington Gardens.

I met him there in the lounge, where a couple of old dears pottered back and forth with magazines and knitting and heeded him not at all.

He sat back with hands clasped primly, and attended, lips pursed, to question after question.

"My main curiosities about Australia? Well, here is a country which, perhaps more than any other in the world, could be transformed by an adequate rainfall. I am deeply interested in the possibilities of man-made rain and other things that can be done to increase fertility.

"I am told that even with rain there are some parts which would not become fertile owing to soil deficiencies. But it may no longer be beyond the bounds of scientific possibility to submit parts of the earth to a radioactive ferment and to change the chemical content of the soil.

"Science has advanced so far in some directions that, if you don't like nature as it is, you change it." He grinned quizzically at me and puffed with relish at a villainous old pipe. He has resisted all persuasions to give up smoking.

"If the world spent the same amount of money on ways to increase fertility as it has so far on the atom bomb, I am sure that by now the whole problem would have been solved.

Population problem

"I DON'T know how really alive Australia is to the urgent necessity to populate the continent. I think it's obvious it must be preserved by whites, and the only way to preserve it from Asia's millions to the north is to transform it into a land habitable for white people on a vast scale.

"I think the present rate of increase in Australia's population is pathetically, dangerously slow.

"Science has advanced to the point where, if we don't kill ourselves first, we are on the brink of solving some of the greatest of our natural difficulties. I once said that the human race had only survived owing to ignorance and incompetence.

"Well, I can now take some of that back. We are less ignorant and more competent. Combine that with our folly and there is no certainty of survival.

"I must say that the atom bomb has cast its shadow over my life. I grant that people will quarrel, and in olden times it didn't matter so much. Now it does."

He lives up to his own view of the two most important things in life—clear thinking and kindly feeling. He has incorporated his attitude to the art of living in one of his works, "The Conquest of Happiness."

"All the book really is," he explains, "is a lesson in mental hygiene in plain language."

It may be provoking to be reminded, at this stage of examining human happiness, that that other Goliath-in-a-thinking-cap, Bernard Shaw, once snapped that there was no such thing as happiness—there was only work.

Bertrand Russell snorted. "Of course there's such a thing as happiness! To say there isn't, to give it no importance, is to take an inhuman view of life. We must have time for fun, for relaxation, and being irresponsible!"

He has given the world a recipe for happiness. The ingredients are—health, security, satisfying work, satisfying personal relationships, and a wide range of interests.

The mixture is rich enough. But I asked a little greedily if he had anything to add to that, as an afterthought, maybe.

His face wrinkled up in a smile, and with his pointed nose and pointed ears he looked like Puck himself. "Well," he challenged me, "if you had all that, wouldn't you be happy?"

I pass it to you. Wouldn't you be?

In his own search for happiness and satisfying personal relationships, Bertrand Russell has married three times. The last time he wed his 24-year-old secretary, when he was 63.

His advanced views on sex have upset the English-speaking world for most of his adult life.

He is so used to causing an uproar that nowadays he says a little wearily, when provoked to announce his revolutionary views on such things as free love or temporary marriage for students, "Look here, I'd rather not say too much about that. People get so upset." He is kind enough to care.

But he did have a crack at divorce laws. "Mutual consent should certainly be enough grounds for divorce. Keeping people tied to each other when their relationship has become intolerable is one of the worst forms of cruelty I can imagine."

If you still think you can absorb the shocks, you may consider the third Earl Russell on pacifism.

"I was a pacifist during the first World War. I was not one during the second. I still maintain I was right in both cases.

"It would have been better for the world if the Great War had been short and the Germans had won. Mind you, I wouldn't have liked it. But the Kaiser wasn't such a bad old fellow. He certainly wasn't as bad as we said he was.

"If that had happened we should not have been cursed with the horrors of Nazism and Communism, which were direct outgrowths of the first World War."

These were the views which earned him a fine and six months' gaol, which time he utilised, philosophically enough, to write a book on mathematics.

Judge's decision

HIS liberal views on marriage were once the subject of a legal application brought by a dentist's wife. This resulted in an American Supreme Court's revoking Russell's appointment to the Professorship of Philosophy at the City of New York College.

The judge sat up all night reading the famous author - lecturer's books, came to the conclusion that his teachings were "repugnant" and a danger to students' morals, and declared the appointment was tantamount to establishing a "chair of indecency" at the college.

Bertrand Russell's impishness prompted him to note this fact, without rancor, in a subsequent book. The title page carried a list of his many academic honors and awards. Then came the words printed with wicked solemnity, "Judicially pronounced unworthy to be Professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York (1940)."

At 77 he has a consuming interest in life—an interest more intense, he claims, than that of people of half or even quarter his age.

The vista before a man of his age is not a long one, but he looks upon it with the bright eyes of a schoolboy going on a voyage of discovery.

Two subjects remain to absorb him deeply. One is science, the other the problem of averting war.

"I can still see no way of stopping war," he says. "But there must be one."

Society, whose ribs he so delights to tickle, tends nowadays to look upon him with good nature and a measure of tolerance. Like Bernard Shaw, he has been saying outrageous things long enough for society to accept them as the necessary idiosyncrasies of genius.

Though he hasn't changed his views—with the exception of his pacifism—more than a whit, Bertrand Russell has to-day become almost respectable, merely by having lived long enough.

Two months' tour

BERTRAND RUSSELL, famous philosopher and author, who arrives in Sydney on June 23, will spend more than six weeks in Australia on a tour sponsored by the Australian Institute of International Affairs.

His itinerary is as follows: Sydney, June 23-July 8. Brisbane, July 8-July 14. Canberra, July 14-July 20. Melbourne, July 20 August 3. Adelaide, August 3-August 9. Perth, August 9-August 17. Melbourne, August 17-August 21. Sydney, August 21-August 23.

Three public lectures will be given in Sydney, two in Melbourne, and one in each other city.

Our Cover

THE two glamorous evening gowns on our cover were designed by Peter Russell, and were photographed in his London salon by Alec Murray, formerly of Sydney. Feature of the pearl satin gown is its topless bodice, beautifully worked with Florentine embroidery. With it long matching gloves are worn. The blue moire gown has similar embroidery forming panels on the bodice. Other pictures of London fashions are on pages 8 and 9.

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Editorial

MAY 6, 1950

A PLAYMATE FOR CHARLES

IN Britain, Royalty is more than just the monarch. Especially since the accession of George VI it can be said that the throne is occupied by a family, and public loyalty and affection go as much to the Queen and the Princesses as to the King.

Princess Elizabeth and her consort are destined to carry on this tradition, and the news that Prince Charles is to have a playmate in the nursery soon has delighted the Empire.

Elizabeth grew up in a serene home atmosphere with parents whose deepest happiness came from their feeling for each other and their children. This is made clear in "Crawfie's" story of her childhood.

She can be happy herself only if her private life repeats that picture, and already there is fair promise that it will.

Young and healthy, she experiences motherhood under ideal conditions. She has been lucky in love and was able to give her heart with her Royal hand.

Now, in a life of great responsibilities, none is more important than that of bearing children, as her babies will carry on the line of succession.

For her, there are personal disadvantages in the need for her news being proclaimed in headlines at a stage when most women are able to retain such a confidence for their intimates alone.

But she may find compensation in the waves of goodwill and affectionate interest that go out to her now.

GEORGE SAND: *Brilliant and captivating*

FAMOUS WOMEN

JT was 1804 . . . the end of the first Republic of France and the birth of Napoleon's Empire. On the first of July Monsieur and Madame Maurice Dupin de Franceuil were giving a party at their flat in Paris, to celebrate the engagement of Madame's sister.

The host and hostess had been married only a month, all the guests were very young and very gay. Maurice was playing a violin for the quadrille and his wife, Sophie Victoire, was among the dancers. After a while she left them and went to her room, and presently her sister Lucie followed her to see what was the matter. Lucie came out a little later, exclaiming: "Maurice, Maurice! Come, you have a baby girl." To which Maurice replied calmly, putting down his violin: "She shall be called Aurore, after my mother."

In fact, she was called Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, but the name which rang through civilised Europe in later years was the one she chose for herself: George Sand. And of the scores of strange, wild novels she was to write, none was ever as wild and strange as her own life.

Two strong strains were present in her ancestry — the aristocratic and the proletarian. On her father's side she was descended (on the wrong side of several blankets!) from Frederick Augustus, King of Poland, through his natural son Maurice de Saxe, later Marshal of France, hero of Fontenoy.

Aurore's mother, however, was a daughter of the people, whose memory stopped at her own mother and father, who had sold birds on the quais of Paris. Both Aurore's parents had served in Napoleon's armies, Maurice as a dashing young officer, Sophie Victoire in unofficial, less regular capacities; each of them, when Aurore was born, had a child by a former, unconventional entanglement.

Aurore took her half-brother Hippolyte and her half-sister Caroline as a matter of course, and the children were brought up together.

Heredity influenced Aurore's intellectual side as well as her emotions. The famous Marshal de Saxe had amused himself by writing Utopian treatises in which class distinctions were levelled, marriage was abolished, and women were made equal with men—lines of thought which his more famous great-granddaughter was to follow with even more enthusiasm.

Her mother's blood told equally strongly in giving her an insight into and a sympathy with the trials and problems of the struggling working classes; in later life her hand was never out of her pocket and her door never shut when anyone was in want or trouble.

Aurore's father was thrown from his horse and killed when the child was about five years old; her aristocratic grandmother and her mother were unable to live amicably together, and after a series of quarrels Sophie Victoire went off to Paris with Caroline, leaving Aurore to be brought up by the older woman at her country estate at Nohant.

Throughout her childhood, the unfortunate child was torn between the two women.

Her strange fits of brooding silence, alternating with bursts of wild physical activity, baffled all who knew her. Later she became a kind of legend among the peasants of Nohant, who told how, dressed as a boy, she rode a horse into a church, how she jumped fully clothed into rivers and dried herself off in the sun, how she assisted her tutor, eccentric, half-mad Francois Deschartres, in magic arts.

After the death of her grandmother she contracted a highly unsuitable marriage at the age of eighteen with Casimir Dudevant, natural son of a colonel and baron of the Empire.

Chopin was most famous of the many lovers of this extraordinary French writer

Biographers differ on the question of how far the union was the typical French marriage of convenience. A recent French writer produces letters written by the pair, which indicate that they were passionately in love, and deduces that the stolid Casimir was more sinned against than sinning.

Aurore's own account, in "Histoire de ma Vie," deals harshly with Casimir, but we have to remember that her autobiography was nearly as much a work of fiction as her novels.

The truth is more probably that Aurore was passionately in love with love, and almost any man would have served as an object at that stage. In any case, the pair had very little in common.

Two children were born during the marriage—a son, Maurice, and a daughter, Solange. The daughter's legitimacy has never been satisfactorily established. Her mother, by the time she was born, had had at least two platonic friendships, but the degree of platonism is still a matter for some doubt.

After about nine years, Aurore and Casimir ceased trying to put a good face on things, and Aurore demanded her independence. She got it at the cost of her property, and went off to Paris with her children to earn her living by writing, promising at the same time to spend three months of each year with her husband at Nohant. She also kept him informed of all her doings by letter!



GEORGE SAND. Her cropped hair was as much a novelty as her practice of smoking.

Now began for Aurore a period of turbulent emotion and of unceasing hard work. She was 27 years old, a tiny, beautifully shaped figure, just under five feet in height, with a pale, olive skin, enormous magnetic black eyes, a rather large nose, and a sensitive, curving mouth.

Even those who denied that she was beautiful fell under the spell of her brooding glance and were fascinated by her uncompromising honesty. For, unlike most of the women of her time, she had no coquetry at all, and her mind had a masculine directness.

She set up an establishment with one of her literary friends, Jules Sandeau, and they began to collaborate in writing fiction under the pen-name of Jules Sand. Aurore later kept the surname and changed the "Jules" to "George." Sandeau got a job on a Paris magazine, and George began to pour out a series of stories, serials, and articles.

Her first full-length novel, "Rose et Blanche," in collaboration with Sandeau, appeared in 1831 and was eagerly devoured by the chambermaids of Paris, as well as by more discerning readers.

The first of her independently written novels, "Indiana," followed soon after, and was a wild success.

The little, seemingly quiet country housewife, who made such excellent preserves and sewed so industriously, had become a literary sensation and was to remain one for nearly 40 years.

Well over 100 volumes streamed from her pen in that time.

To our taste, perhaps, they seem full of romantic extravagance, wild improbabilities of plot, overcrowded and turgid. Yet they contain many fine character studies, genuine passion, and emotional insight of a penetrating quality.

Her influence on the writers of her age spread far beyond her own country: Emerson, Oscar Wilde, and Henry James, as well as Flaubert, Sainte-Beuve, and Balzac, all acknowledged her genius.

Her feverish, unceasing literary activity was a source of annoyance to more than one of her lovers. Their pride suffered at the thought of a woman who would light a candle, kindle a fire, and go on writing, while they slept, until dawn.

Apart from her writing, indeed, George Sand was leading a life which would have laid low any ordinary woman. She was supporting her mother, two children, whatever "ami" she had installed in her household at the time, writing long exhaustive accounts of her doings to her husband, looking after the children of very distant relations, contributing money, time, and energy to the socialist and communist political movements of the day, helping struggling artists and writers with money and advice, writing voluminous letters to all the famous literary figures of France. And, of course, keeping house. How she fitted in her numerous love affairs is one of life's lesser mysteries.

Her frequent habit of wearing men's clothes was continued in Paris, chiefly for the sake of convenience; her love of smoking was frowned on in many circles, and her wavy, short-cropped hair and lack of interest in fashionable clothes made her conspicuous.

Her liaison with Sandeau lasted only a short while, and was followed by an interlude of exactly a week with the famous writer Prosper Merimee. They parted with feelings of mutual disgust.

Her next and most shattering adventure of the heart was with the poet Alfred de Musset, already notorious in Paris as a dandy and a seducer. Like most of her lovers he was several years younger than George, and it was his genius, his youth, and his weakness of character that awakened the maternal instinct in her that she could never resist.

Continued on page 37

VACCINE GUARDS AGAINST T.B.

BCG, a vaccine new to Australia, immunises people against tuberculosis for at least a year, but can't cure the disease once you have it.

Doctors confine injections to babies whose mothers suffer from T.B., children in contact with T.B. patients, and hospital personnel.

The name of the vaccine is taken from the initials of its two discoverers, Calmette and Guerin.

By a long series of laboratory transplantations, they took the sting out of the bovine tubercle bacillus, one of the two types which harm humans.

Animals injected with this vaccine were immune to T.B. So were the babies of tubercular mothers. Since then 10,000,000 Europeans and Americans have been given these injections.

This and other new steps towards the conquest of T.B. are described in a three-page article in A.M. for May, now on sale.

A.M. with its fact, fiction, and picture stories for men and women is the best magazine shillingsworth in Australia.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By GUS*



Too good to miss! Get your copy of this month's Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine to-day!

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OCTOBER WEDDING is planned for Dr. Bill Vautin and his fiancee, Dr. Joy Crawley, a fellow graduate. She is the only child of Mr. L. N. Crawley, of Kogarah, and of the late Mrs. Crawley, and Bill is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Vautin, of Randwick.



BRIDAL GROUP at wedding of Coral Coles and Peter Glanville at All Saints' Church, Woollahra. Their attendants are Mrs. Rick Barnes, Beverley Coles, Mora Dunlop, Jill Solomon, Jim Barnes, Claude Fay, John Baragwanath, of Melbourne, and Bob Swift.



CANADIAN BRIDEGROOM. Douglas Mouncey, of Toronto, Canada, and his bride, formerly Heather Finlayson, second daughter of Mrs. E. M. Finlayson, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. W. Finlayson, at reception at Carlton Hotel after their marriage at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay.

Intimate Jottings



CORAL SEA BALL. Mrs. M. Pasquet (left), wife of U.S. Consul, Mrs. Norman Jenkyns, and Mrs. Tom Alexander (standing) discuss ball to be held at Prince's next Monday.

GREAT excitement for residents of Forbes when their Rotary Club held international gathering attended by representatives of many nations.

Apart from civic reception, most activities are on informal footing to give townsfolk the opportunity of meeting the visitors.

One distinguished guest really enjoyed himself chopping wood on an out-of-town property; another was thrilled with a sulky ride through flood-ridden country.

They all meet local residents on the golf links and tennis courts, and every school in the district has a visit from a group of overseas visitors. American and Finnish guests call in at the Convent of Mercy, representatives of Pakistan, the Philippines, and Lebanon visit the State School, and a small one-teacher school in the country has a visit from guests from Portugal and Wales.

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A POLOCROSSE match is arranged at a nearby station property, and the gathering concludes with the Rotary Ball, held at the Forbes Town Hall, over which the flag of U.N.O. flies for the occasion.

Among distinguished guests are the Charge d'Affaires for Finland (M. P. Simelius), Deputy Commissioner for the United Kingdom (Mr. W. J. Garnet), Consul-General for Lebanon (Dr. H. Shebea), Commissioner for Pakistan (Dr. H. K. Rahman), the Charge d'Affaires for the Philippines (Judge Roberto Regala) and Mme Regala, Consul for Portugal (Dr. Armando Martins), the Consul for Argentina (M. Rafael Yayle) and the Countess Marie Louise Yayle, the Consul for U.S.A. (Mr. T. Robinson) and Mrs. Robinson.



REGATTA DAY outing for Younger Set members Jim Coholen, Jill Corner, Anne Cleary, and Peter O'Brien, who wear the colors of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, for which they barracked in the Head of the River race.



AT INTERNATIONAL GATHERING of Forbes Rotary Club, Past-District Governor of Rotary, Colonel Harold Jones, of Canberra, discusses the programme with locals Mrs. George McPhillamy (centre) and Mrs. Stan Tout.

CONGRATULATIONS for the John Mairs, who are receiving good wishes from their friends on the birth of a son. Mrs. Mair formerly Helen McKell, of Cremorne. John is a resident at the General Hospital, Rockhampton, Queensland. Baby's name is Russell Hamilton.

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INDIAN sapphire engagement ring with diamond shoulders is worn by Patricia Goomrey when she announces her engagement to Dr. Warwick Williams. Pat is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Goomrey, of Wilcannia and Bondi, and Warwick is son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams, of Strathfield.

THERE are many representatives of the medical profession at party arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Claude Vautin to celebrate engagement of Dr. Joyce Crawley and their son, Dr. Bill Vautin. They are assisted in entertaining by their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Donnan, their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Vautin, jun.

Among guests are Joyce's father, Mr. L. N. Crawley, and Betty Doyle and her fiance, John McMahon, whose engagement is recently announced.

• • •

RETIRING president of the Fort Street Old Girls' Union, Elizabeth Bannan, is pleased that the departure date of her trip overseas has been put back sufficiently to allow her to go to the Fort Street Ball, being held at the Trocadero on Thursday this week, May 4.

Elizabeth, who was president of the Old Girls' Union during the school's centenary celebrations last year, is to travel abroad on a Carnegie Fellowship.

Tells me she will be away about nine months touring the British Isles, Europe, and the U.S.A. to observe methods of administration of women's colleges and universities and of teaching English.

• • •

EXCITING time ahead for young travellers Joyce Fox, Jean Ridley, Sylvia Harwood Smith, and Molly O'Keeffe, who sail for England after a round of farewell parties.

Joyce



WRAPPING PARCELS for their Pick-a-Box stall, which they will run at the C.W.A. Eastern Suburbs Branch fete to be held at Elaine, Double Bay, on May 13, are Younger Set members Alison Macdonald (left), president Patricia Beresford, Estelle de Boos-Smith, and Dorothy Burcher.



THREE SERVICES represented at committee meeting for Royal Empire Ball when president of ball committee, Mrs. Percy Spender, discusses plans with Squadron-Leader M. C. Clarke (left), Lieut.-Colonel J. P. O'Sullivan, and Commander (E.) N. A. C. Leich, at Royal Empire Society's Rooms. Empire Day Ball will be held at Town Hall on May 24.

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For that lonely feeling



have a Life Saver



Water Baby Grows Up



Lovely Ann Sauter, daughter of famous swimmers Alex and Alma, is now a registered swimming coach herself — the youngest in Victoria! In again, out again, all the year round — but no goosepimples for Ann. Here's what she says: "I don't give the cold a chance to creep up on me. After a session in the pool, I know there's a steaming hot cup of Bonox waiting in the dressing-room. It keeps me going even in the chilliest weather." Keep the cold out with the concentrated goodness of beef-rich Bonox. There's nothing like it for chasing the shivers. Keep your head above the 'flu line. Eat and drink Bonox for a i-i-f-i.

BON

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 13

THE King caused a lot of amusement by saying he had been eating "hot dogs." Both children had a horrified vision of papa demolishing Fido, complete with tail.

We meantime settled down to a spell of uninterrupted schoolroom routine which I for one was glad of. There were a few moments when the Princesses pored wistfully over maps of the United States and thought what a long way off their parents were. But those did not last long.

We went to Royal Lodge for week-ends, and though here we were rather more conscious of empty rooms and vacant places, the time passed quickly enough.

The two little girls spring-cleaned their Little House, I remember, from top to bottom, shook all the mats, brushed the carpets, and prepared for the home-coming of mummie and papa just as the staff were doing at the palace.

The return was a great event in the children's lives.

We got up very early in the morning. Lilibet and Margaret had grown enormously during their parents' absence; some teeth had been lost, and others were half coming up.

There were four of us, the children, Alah, and myself.

We went to Southampton on the train.

The children had their comics to read, and people were awfully nice about them going to meet their parents.

There were much bigger crowds there for the home-coming at the station, waving into the carriage.

When we got to Southampton we had to go on a destroyer out in mid-Channel to meet the Empress of Britain. The destroyer was rather fun. It was all newly painted grey from stem to stern, and the children were terribly thrilled.

They were wearing their little Jaeger coats and tammies on top of their printed dresses. (Before we left the destroyer the captain noticed that we had various patches of grey paint on our clothes and shoes, so a bottle of cleaner was produced and we were tidied up.)

When we were on the destroyer the captain said, "Would you like to stay on deck or go below, or what?" because the vibration was fairly terrific there on the destroyer. It was the first time the children had ever been on one.

At eleven o'clock he asked if they would like some hot soup. They looked at him with great horror and said, "Oh, no thank you!"

Alah had retired to the cabin below. I think she was not feeling very well. Then he produced a bowl of lovely cherries, and we stood and ate them on the deck.

The destroyer was very clean and so tidy, and we did not know what to do with the cherry stones. We felt we could not be seen throwing them overboard, and so we flung them down one of the speaking tubes!

Then the Empress of Britain came in sight and we went below to tidy.

The captain's cabin amused us, with its, to us, almost primitive amenities. There were photographs of children and a rather dignified-looking wife.

The steward came to take us on deck, and we saw the Empress of Britain heaving to. We had to go down a very precarious ladder to get on to the barge. The captain said, "Jump when I tell you."

Joyous family reunion

One minute the destroyer was up and the barge was down, and the next moment it was just the reverse.

We got on board safely, however, and Alah also managed to jump when the captain said "Jump."

As we approached what seemed a colossal ship, we saw the King and Queen amidships. Then we had to go through the same process again to get on board the Empress.

There were these two figures waiting with great eagerness, looking down the stairs as we mounted.

The little girls could hardly walk up the ladder quickly enough, for climbing was very awkward, but when they reached the top they rushed to mummie and papa.

They kissed them and hugged them again and again. Everybody else kept out of the way, and I hesitated halfway up the gangway, too. It was a very joyful reunion indeed.

Then I went up and curtsied and bowed, and they seemed very pleased to see me.

The Queen kissed me and said how much the children had grown and how well they looked, **and all the time the King could hardly take his eyes off Lilibet.**

I have a photograph which shows the Queen, very slim, holding Margaret's hand, wearing her favorite blue with grey shoes and stockings and handbag, and the King looking at Lilibet.

At that time Lilibet was not looking her best at all. She was thirteen, an awkward and leggy age, rather large-mouthed, with her hair disappearing under her tammie.

Margaret during the period of the Canada-America trip had begun to thin down a bit. She just clung to mummie's hand, glad to have her back again.

She made us all laugh by saying, "Look, Mummie, I am quite a good shape now, not like a football like I used to be."

On the big ship we did not notice the swell. We had a hilarious luncheon party with all the officers and members of the household.

The commander-in-chief of Southampton came out with the welcoming party, and several other Southampton officials.

We had lunch in the ship's dining-room, which we thought extremely ugly.

The walls were a horrible pink, the carpet a hoosh-mi (the Princesses' word for mixture) of bright colors, and pots of artificial palms were around everywhere.

It looked just like a stage set for a musical comedy, and this was enhanced by the fact that they had hung up lots of streamers and balloons, which the little girls, at least, thought were wonderful.

Everybody talked nineteen to the dozen, and the children hung round mummie and papa, delighted to have them back.

In the exuberance of the moment I drank a champagne cocktail, a thing I seldom do.

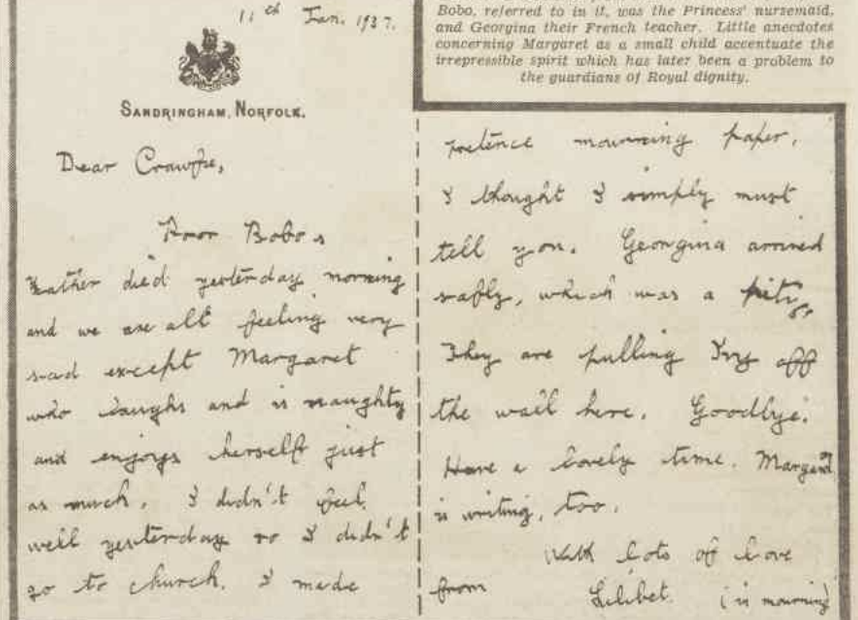
It had a most odd effect on me, and I suddenly felt very untrustful of my knees, and all the noise seemed suddenly to be coming from a very long way off!

The Queen gave me a sympathetic glance, and laughed. "Poor Crawfie," she said, "I ought to have warned you. They make them rather strong on board."

The King threw balloons out the portholes, Lord Airlie popped some with his cigarette, and everyone was very youthful and gay.

I thought the King seemed a

AMUSING LETTER from Elizabeth to Miss Crawford. Bobo, referred to in it, was the Princess' nursemaid, and Georgina their French teacher. Little anecdotes concerning Margaret as a small child accentuate the irrepressible spirit which has later been a problem to the guardians of Royal dignity.



11th Jan. 1937.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK.

Dear Crawfie,

Poor Bobo's father died yesterday morning and we are all feeling very sad except Margaret who laughs and is naughty and enjoys herself just as much. I didn't feel well yesterday so I didn't go to church. I made patience manning paper. I thought I simply must tell you. Georgina arrived safely, which was a pity. They are pulling Ivy off the wall here. Goodbye. Have a lovely time. Margaret is writing, too.

With lots of love from Lilibet (in mourning)

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HONOR of giving the signal for the dropping of the anchor of the Royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, off Dartmouth, was given to small Princess Margaret. When she dropped the flag the anchor went down.



IN 1940, on Princess Elizabeth's 14th birthday, the King and Queen were photographed with her and Margaret Rose during their week-end visit to Windsor Castle, where the Princesses spent most of the war years.

little sad when he said good-bye to the ship and the sailors.

He had always loved the sea, and had himself served in the Navy for some time, even on active service during which he participated in the famous Battle of Jutland.

Back at the palace we had the usual crowds and balcony appearances, this time enjoyed by everyone rather more than usual.

It had been so long since the King and Queen had been home among their own people.

The children went late to bed that night. There were so many parcels to open, so many tales to tell. People from all over the States and Canada had sent presents back to the little girls.

Among the things that delighted them most were some frilly American pinafores sent by some children out West, and some small totem poles about a foot high.

They were quaintly carved, and colored Indian fashion. They had them on the mantelshelves in their rooms for years.

Before they went to Balmoral on the sixth of August there came an incident that was going to have very wide results in everybody's life.

Beginning of romance

We went for the week-end to Dartmouth on the King's yacht, the Victoria and Albert, on a private visit, for the King wanted to visit Dartmouth College.

Lilibet was thirteen at this time, and it had been decided to take the Princesses and myself there for a few days.

The Victoria and Albert was a delightful yacht. It was very Victorian in decor, with colorful cretonne decorations in the cabins. It was rather roomy above for the family, but I shudder to think of what it was like below where the sailors slept. They must have been packed like sardines.

She is a large gold-and-white yacht with a massive figurehead, beautifully painted.

The cabins were still fitted with old-fashioned bunks, but bathrooms had been put in.

The two little girls had adjoining cabins. I was at the other end of the yacht, on my own. The King and Queen had cabins amidships.

The children and myself had a very pretty little schoolroom which was used by Alah for breakfast and tea, and the little girls' supper. But whenever possible we did lessons out on deck.

The dining saloon gave the children a great thrill, because the yacht's mast came out and up through one end of the dining table.

We had very happy parties around this table, for lunch and dinner which we all had together.

On private occasions like this, no one could have been pleasanter host and hostess than Their Majesties.

We were taught on this occasion by the young officers of the yacht to dance the Lambeth Walk and Palais Glide, a sort of modernised version of some old folk dance.

The King and Queen took their own chef down with them, and the ship's officers, accustomed to a harder tack, enjoyed the change, I think. The weather was good, and we all loved the trip.

The King was holding an inspection at Dartmouth Royal Naval College, where he had himself once been a cadet, and for which he had always had a great affection.

The college, which is a vast red brick building, stands high on a hill looking down on to the River Dart. Some nine hundred boys are usually in training there to become naval officers.

The college stands among its own playing fields and farms, and the river affords a good training ground in the management of boats, and is usually absolutely crawling with them, manned by small boys looking very businesslike in their white sweaters.

They do everything at the double, and all orders have to be carried out at a brisk trot.

The discipline there is extremely strict, but in no other school do the boys look so well or so happy, and there are very few who have passed through who do not look back on their time at Dartmouth with pleasure.

Most of the instructors are sailors, and at an early age the boys themselves go to sea as midshipmen on battleships and destroyers.

They wear dark blue uniforms in winter, with brass buttons and peaked caps with the Royal Navy badges, and white uniforms in summer.

From the moment they enter the college they hold the King's commission, and no matter how short or fat, or long and scrawny looking, are addressed by non-commissioned officers as "sir."

On the Sunday morning we were going to the college because there was to be a special service.

We climbed those long steps at Dartmouth. I remember that it was a lovely day though it became a bit cloudy at about eleven.

Just about the time the service was scheduled to start and the boys had been paraded before the King and Queen, the Dartmouth College doctor said, "I am very, very sorry, but two of the boys have developed mumps."

There was a long conversation as to whether the children ought to go into the chapel, and the Queen finally said, "Crawfie, would you take them into the Dalrymple-Hamiltons' house," which I did.

The Dalrymple-Hamilton family lived in the Captain's House at Dartmouth College.

The house had a very pleasant lived-in feeling, and the children—a boy and a girl rather older than the Princesses—came out to meet us.

There was a clockwork railway laid out all over the nursery floor, and we all knelt down to play with it.

We played for ages, and, after a time, a fair-haired boy, rather like a Viking, with a sharp face and piercing blue eyes, came in. He was good-looking, though rather offhand in his manner.

He said, "How do you do" to Lilibet, and for a while they knelt side by side playing with the trains.

He soon got bored with that.

Please turn to page 23



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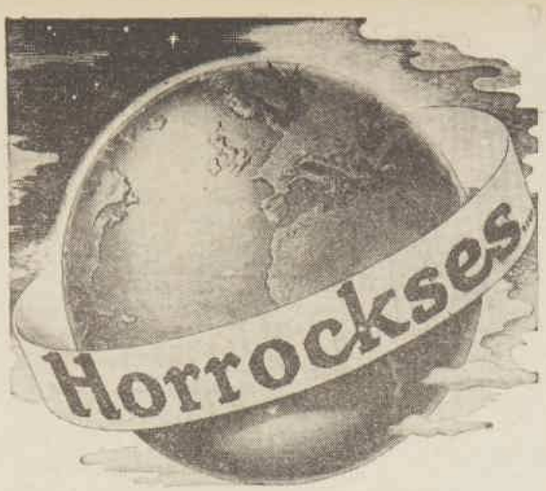
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3 or 4 bananas.
Lemon juice.
Cinnamon and sugar.

Sieve flour and salt; add sugar; melt shortening; add to well beaten egg and milk; pour slowly into hollow in flour; beat to smooth batter. Add lemon rind and pour into well-greased oven-ware dish. Slice two bananas and press lightly into batter. Bake in moderate oven (300-375 deg.) for 20-25 minutes. When pudding is beginning to set, banana halves cut lengthwise and drenched with lemon juice may be arranged on top. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and finish baking. Serve hot with whipped cream. When bananas are out of season, substitute grated apple. The effect is just as delicious.

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The Light Touch

Continued from page 4

BY the time the party actually got started the magic was gone—and Quent was no longer there. He had gone off with Paul.

Lucille's heart was no longer in this gathering of the clan, and though she put up a good front it was automatic. The party followed the familiar pattern of all her gang's get-togethers. The Ralstons' big old house, floors shining with wax, received the crowd; the porch and the terrace and the lawn were overrun in short order.

This was youth and happiness in technicolor, and if the hostess was a little absent-minded no one noticed.

In a sense, of course, Lucille didn't move at all. She was waiting in a quiet at the centre of a whirlpool—waiting for Quent to come back.

All the while she was listening for Paul's car, silly as it was to be listening for anything in this din. But something went on pulsing under the party and through and around it. The milling and the laughter and the music were just an accompaniment to something. A prelude to Quent's return.

It was half-past ten. It was nearly eleven, even if no one cared anything about time but Lucille.

It was about then that Hewlitt Britton, as they danced together, said, "It's all set for to-morrow."

"What's all set, Hewlitt?" She only half heard and her smile was a half-smile.

"The cottage. Mother said I might take the crowd up to-morrow. It took me all day to clean it. I tried to get you all the afternoon."

"I was out." Remembering where she had been brought an increased smokiness to Lucille's eyes and a softness in her voice. "Did you say to-morrow?" She came half-awake. "Oh, I'm sorry."

"Sorry nothing. To-morrow's the day."

To-morrow was the day all right, but with Quent. "I'm tied up to-morrow." She made it politely regretful. "I couldn't possibly go."

Hewlitt was stunned and resentful. She had to try to explain that there had been nothing very definite about the planned Sunday at the Britton cottage.

"We have a house guest, Hewlitt. I've promised to take him fishing to-morrow."

While she was talking to him she saw Paul and Quent walking down to the end of the yard where the barbecue was. She followed them down.

When Hewlitt came down, still wearing his injured look, and tried to draw her back up to the dancing, she explained that she had to help with the food now.

She stirred from her perch and began to do things about the table. She could still go on watching Quent's face in the firelight.

Before long Paul's eyebrows began to go up and down meaningly, as he began adding up two and two.

Perhaps Hewlitt had been adding things up, too, for he was back almost right away, assuring Lucille that she didn't have to do a thing about the food. "Not a thing," he repeated, "for here's Marsha."

Marsha was coming down the slope in a white pique dress. She had tied a shaggy white sweater about her neck by the sleeves, and brushed her soft hair back. She might have touched her face with powder and her lips with rouge, but with Marsha there was no being sure.

"This is Dad's Quent Ryan," Lucille told her gaily. "Quent, this is my sister Marsha."

The two of them stood very still. Lucille thought in a moment of panic that neither of them was going to say anything at all and that it was too rude for Quent.

"Marsha." He said it on a note of recognition then, taking a step towards her. "For Marsha," he quoted smiling, "without whose loyal help and steadfast faith—"

"—European Dilemma would never have been written!" Marsha finished, smiling too. "You know Dad's book? All I did, really, was just chores," she explained. "Typing, proof-reading, tag ends of research."

They had moved off a little and Lucille's breath came out with a relieved gentleness, for leave it to Quent to slip neatly under Marsha's guard and at the same time to stand watching her with a nice shyness.

"All right, Hewlitt." She turned to him. "We dance."

It was a half-hour before she could get away again. She went only part way, though, and stood for a while and then turned slowly back.

Marsha didn't need any help, not so far—and if just one time she had got to the point of laughing upward at a man as though he might be Paul or Dad then it would not be broken up, not yet.

Paul was with them, and the three of them were in a huddle, laughing. They had turned the bright lights out and were fixing candles on a cake.

Quent was standing behind Marsha and his hands were on her shoulders. Lucille heard Marsha's lovely laugh ring out—and not for Paul.

When Quent lit a cigarette for Paul his arm had to partly enclose Marsha and it was one of those natural things one saw nearly every evening. But Paul had to catch Quent's wrist and guide the light for Quent was looking down at Marsha.

Lucille had picked up a fold of her dress and was pressing pleats uncertainly into it. You never knew about people, she thought. She would have said that Quentin Ryan would be the last person in the world to bring Marsha out of herself.

Now Lucille could go down to join the group or she could turn back again—and she turned back. She went through the party and up the stairs and in her own room she sat fixing her face painstakingly, unnecessarily.

Please turn to page 24

RIVETS





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The Little Princesses



PRINCE PHILIP OF GREECE. Early photograph of him when a cadet at Dartmouth, where he first met Princess Elizabeth. His youthful exuberance made a great impression on her.



CHARMING early teenage portrait of Princess Elizabeth wearing one of the tartan skirts which were almost a wintertime uniform for the two Princesses.

Continued from page 21

WE had ginger crackers and lemonade, in which he joined, and then he said, "Let's go to the tennis courts and have some real fun jumping the nets."

Off they went. At the tennis courts I thought he showed off a good deal, but the little girls were much impressed.

Lilibet said, "How good he is, Crawfie. How high he can jump." She never took her eyes off him the whole time. He was quite polite to her, but did not pay her any special attention. He spent a lot of time teasing plump little Margaret.

When we went back to the yacht for lunch, the fair-haired boy was there.

He was near Lilibet, and we all sat round and talked and laughed a good deal.

After that we went to see the swimming-pool, and then it was time to go back to the yacht again.

It had started to rain by this time, and we were a bedraggled little party.

We had a very jolly dinner that night, but Lilibet was not allowed to stay up. We danced the Lambeth Walk and the Palais Glide with the young officers.

Next day the fair-haired boy, who turned out to be Prince Philip of Greece, came to lunch again.

He was then at a boy's most unattractive age, and some of the older members of the party found him extremely tiresome.

They thought his manner to the King and Queen a great deal too offhand.

But his uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was always devoted to him, played him up and, if anything, rather encouraged him to show off.

All eyes were on him, which he obviously enjoyed.

Lilibet asked him, "What would you like to eat? What would you like!" when it came to tea.

The Queen said, "You must make a really good meal, for I suppose it is your last for the day."

Philip had several platefuls of shrimps and a banana split, among other trifles.

I think he saw this little girl admiring him, and he was already out to create a good impression on her.

To the little girls, a boy of any kind was always a strange creature out of another world. Lilibet sat, pink-faced, enjoying it all very much. To Margaret, anyone who could eat so many shrimps was a hero.

In the end he had to go back to Dartmouth to his classes.

The time came when we had to sail away. We all said good-bye, and the motors started. It is a tricky business getting out of Dartmouth Harbor. Sir Dudley North was the captain in charge. Finally we got well out into the Channel.

All the boys from Dartmouth had been allowed to get any sort of craft they could find—motor-boats, rowboats, and so on—and they followed the Victoria and Albert quite a long way.

Then the King got very alarmed and said to Sir Dudley North, "It's ridiculous, and most unsafe. You must signal them to go back."

Most of the boys did go back immediately, and all the others followed shortly except this one solitary figure whom we saw rowing away as hard as he could, who was, of course, Philip.

Lilibet took the glasses and had a long look at him.

In the end the King said, "The damned young fool. He must go back, otherwise we will have to heave to and send him back."

Philip—"The young fool"

At last Philip seemed to realise they did want him to go back — they were shouting at him through the megaphone and he turned back while we gazed at him until he became just a very small speck in the distance.

We never seemed to get really settled again after the Canada-America visit in the spring of 1939. An air of restless anticipation hung around the palace. Probably we had more idea than most people outside how grim things were.

I still remember the cold shiver that went down my spine when I heard Czechoslovakia had been overrun.

Mr. Chamberlain came more and more often, looking harassed and bothered, and ageing under our eyes. He would wait, gnawing his nails, for audience.

What, people still asked, was Hitler going to do? Looking back on it, it now seems so obvious that I wonder anyone asked, but we still hoped that some eleventh-hour change would take place.

It did, but it wasn't the kind we wanted. Germany made a pact with Russia. From that moment I think we all knew there was darkness ahead.

It was August. London was stifling. People were streaming out of town as usual for their holidays. The Royal Family usually went away at this time to Balmoral, but their departure was delayed, and the children were horrified at the idea they might not get up there at all.

"Who is this Hitler, spoiling everything?" Margaret demanded.

I remember trying to give the Princess a painstaking and unbiased character-sketch, but it wasn't very easy. We attempted to keep the gathering storm clouds from the children.

It was the one time of the year when the King and Queen got right away from Court etiquette and had complete freedom, and they as much as the children always looked forward to this annual trip north.

Besides which for the Queen it was a return to her own part of the world.

I remember everyone was a little grim, not knowing whether they would be able to go or not.

Looking back, I can see it was the end of an epoch, not only for the King and Queen.

They had had their anxieties for months, and it had told on both of them. Especially, I thought, on the Queen.

Until now she had appeared to me so sweet, so gay and young, and always able to deal with tiresome decisions and awkward problems.

Please turn to page 35



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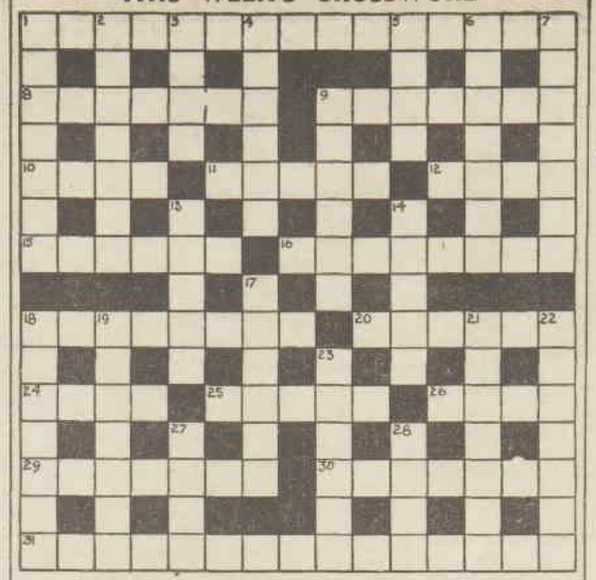
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. A portrait of being well which is surely not painted (7, 2, 6).
8. Passed slowly by by a South African highland proper (3, 4).
9. Fortune fifty plate for the clergy (7).
10. Musical instrument (4).
11. Flower in a rest (5).
12. Well-known Peruvian family in one hundred and one (4).
15. Be drowsy you the French in a small rounded lump (6).
16. Substituted with a corded fabric and embroidered with thread (8).
18. Quibble starting as a favorite and backing it with mist (8).
20. Supreme dominion can make me ripe (6).
24. Pew the sun god and about back (4).
25. Consent a King with ease (5).
26. One hundred aspirate I see in stamp of superiority (4).
29. Not precise in former deed (7).
30. Flower at the opening of a ruminant's mouth (7).
31. To be just acquainted on mixed leguminous plants followed by His Majesty boundaries (2, 3, 5).



Solution to last week's crossword

DOWN

1. Steal a Chinese mile and alternative mixed within a run (7).
2. Study rope as agreement (7).
3. On to a higher place on (4).
4. Man's name (8).
5. Vivacity of a South African antelope less five hundred (4).
6. Brief of study in non-clerical (7).
7. European country (7).
9. Gang the Spanish in thin worsted yarn (6).
13. Killed the feminine French in sin (5).
14. Plod fault and be crippled (5).
17. Inquiries to hugs in disorder (6).
18. Colonnade of harbor I see with duck (7).
19. Sailor obtains marks (7).
21. Her nail (anag., 7).
22. Gets free with the cap within (7).
23. Signal which is mainly a breakfast food (6).
27. EE (4).
28. Direction at crush (4).

The Light Touch

Continued from page 22

SLOWLY, Lucille turned off the light and went to one of the windows and stood there motionless. The real party was down at the barbecue and it was an intimate party of three.

She went downstairs again, and into the kitchen where her mother, fussing busily, looked at her strangely. "Is anything wrong, Lucille?" she asked.

"Nothing's wrong," Lucille said slowly.

Oh, Mother, what do I do now? she asked silently. I've been so anxious over the boys not getting to know Marsha and now that one of them is getting to know her, it is Quent.

"You kept saying I'd come to things you couldn't fix for me, Mother." Her head was bent.

"I'd still be here, you know."

"I suppose that's why I came to you now." Lucille found her mother's hand. "There's something I wanted to ask you after all. Is it all right to go to the Britton cottage with a gang to-morrow? Eight of us?" It came too clearly.

"I don't see why not."

"I'll go out and tell Hewlitt." Her head was up now, her voice still clear.

The come-and-get-it had rung out and the guests were trooping down to the table with its hurricane lamps and cake candles.

Lucille, close to Hewlitt, trooped down with them.

She made her rehearsed speech to Quent right away. "I was all mixed up about to-morrow." It came clearly too in the confusion. "I had something arranged. But Marsha is the real fisherman in the family, after all. Perhaps she'll go."

"How about that, Marsha?" he asked quietly.

"Love it," Marsha said.

The cake candles flickered then on Lucille's face and there was the ceremony of blowing them out. She made her birthday wish for someone else and it was the first time.

The party ended. When Paul came down to help Lucille clean up she was simply standing. She moved dazedly when he spoke. He had promised Marsha to help her.

"She went out with Quent in my car to look at the moon or something," he added. "Those two—" He laughed a little.

"Did you think so?" Her voice was even. "I thought so, too."

"For a time I thought you were planning to set him on the birthday cake."

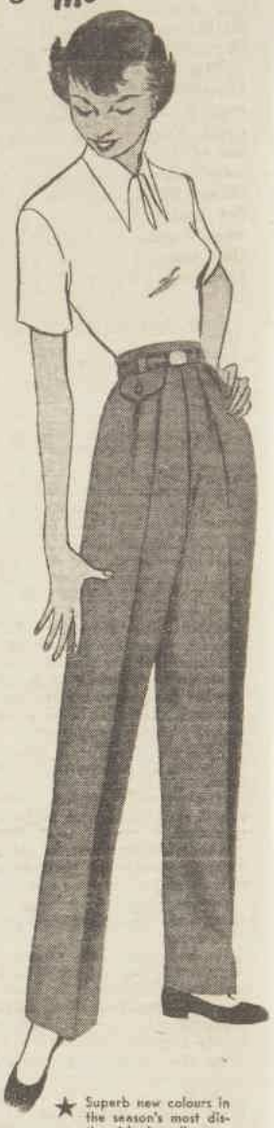
"Oh, that." She was moving, her voice still steady. "A girl can have a first dream."

It was smoke from the fire burning her eyes. It was a trick of the flames that made her shadow look bent and hurt against the rocks. The whole day had been a mixture of happiness and heartache, and it was best to end it as she had begun, with thinking about Marsha.

Oh, darling. You'll have fun too, and it's time. Mother and I will dance in the streets, you know.

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WORTH Reporting

SO many new exhibits in cars, buses, trucks, motor cycles, and caravans are to be seen at the annual International Motor Show now being held at the Exhibition Building, Melbourne, that there's no room for amusing museum pieces in the 50,000 square feet of space allotted.

The Cobb and Co.'s Old Drivers' Association entertainment is an annual Motor Show event. From the original number of 130 coach drivers who were invited to attend the first dinner 25 years ago, the number to-day has shrunk to 30, most of whom are descendants of the intrepid coachmen who pioneered road travel in Australia.

Forty years ago, said Mr. H. W. Harrison, organising secretary of the Show, there was a horse for every 2.3 of the population. To-day, including motor cycles, there is only one motor vehicle between every eight persons. Even this figure may be doubted by many who have tried to get lifts during the Melbourne tram strike. Eighty per cent. of the cars coming into the country are British.

Mr. Harrison gave this potted history of the Exhibition Building, where the Motor Show is being held: It was built in 1878 with the idea of attracting trade to Victoria. The big dome was designed and built by David Mitchell, Dame Nellie Melba's father. There were 1560 exhibits from 38 foreign countries at the first exhibition in 1879. It cost £237,100.

Among local exhibits were the first electric tram and the first electric lift. Daring visitors were charged threepence a ride, lift or tram. It was 50 years later before Melbourne had its first electric tram, running between Prahran and Malvern.

* * *

IF we were going to give an Oscar to the Australian actress for the best Play-Must-Go-On spirit, we'd hand it to Queenslander Diana Bell, who appeared recently in "The Astonished Heart" in the season of three plays put on for the Red Cross at the Cremorne Theatre, Brisbane.

In the midst of a particularly dramatic passage a gigantic rat fell on to the stage at Diana's feet, and, after running in stunned circles, scuttled under the sofa on which Miss Bell and a male actor were sitting.

Amid gasps and slight screams from the audience, Miss Bell went calmly on with her part, keeping her head, her feet imperturbably on the ground—the rat presumably just behind them.



"Here comes a stranger. We'll bet him a bob we're not twins!"



THE Rev. Arthur Lewis is offering to tune pianos in exchange for typing. In his parish magazine Mr. Lewis, curate of St. Mary's Church, Wollaton, Nottingham, says he cannot type, but he can tune pianos. It was his job for ten years before he became a clergyman. "This should be a good working arrangement between experts," he says.

Flower arrangements are her hobby

WINNER of eight firsts and fourteen seconds in the decorative flower arrangement classes at the Sydney Show, Mrs. L. A. Young, of West Ryde, New South Wales, grows most of the flowers she uses.

She has been exhibiting only for three years, beginning with Royal Horticultural shows, and has never shown without winning a prize. Gladioli are her favorite flowers for arrangements, because their long stems can be cut to a variety of lengths. For a dinner table decoration she likes a low arrangement of sweet peas.

"In home decoration I prefer informal arrangements, with flowers not too closely packed. I do my flowers for the frontal effect, backing them against a wall," Mrs. Young said.

Unlike those who favor sand or shot in the bottom of the container to give stability to the arrangement, Mrs. Young never uses either, but makes her own aids by setting nails in a cement base. "I concentrate on white vases, as they are suitable to any room and any type of flowers," she said.

Mrs. Young has some dozens of containers on her pantry shelves, but still sometimes can't find the exact one for the arrangement she has in mind. When this happens she improvises, as she did when she wanted a wide, shallow container for sweet-peas.

She took a white china electric light shade, set in a painted jam-jar top, and had exactly the sort of vase she needed. To keep flowers fresh she advises cutting them with long stems and snipping a portion off every day, then putting them into newly filled vases.

When flowers have to be in boxes over a long period, she thinks wet newspaper the best for keeping them fresh. When they will be packed for only a short while, she advises a sheet of cellophane between layers. For very delicate flowers, cotton-wool packed in the cavities will keep them from bruising.

Four generations of eye makers

FIRST artificial eyes known to mankind were of parchment painted to look like a human eye and used by the ancient Egyptians, says Mr. Percy Waters, Melbourne artificial eye maker.

An Englishman who came to Australia from Birmingham 30 years ago, Mr. Waters is one of four brothers who were taught by their father to carry on the family business, which has been handed on from father to son for four generations.

Paul Waters, Percy's 21-year-old son, is the latest to follow in the family tradition of what was originally a secret craft carried on behind the protection of locked doors and boarded windows.

Latest development in artificial eye making, says Mr. Waters, is the moulding of acrylic eyes—an altogether different technique from the glass eye which has to be blown from molten glass, colored with dyes, "veined" with pure gold which, when heated, turns ruby.

The acrylic eye has the advantage of being unbreakable and everlasting. Mr. Waters has been making these, in Australia, for five years. He averages something like 30 eyes a month, of both types, for clients all over Australia and as far away as the New Hebrides and Fiji.

It has been estimated that up to 5000 shades can be obtained in artificial eye making, and it is always possible for the skilled operator to match exactly the real eye. Up to 50 per cent. natural movement can be obtained.

The artificial eye maker works in close co-operation with oculists. Sometimes new developments in eye surgery make it necessary for him to witness the client's condition in all stages, beginning with the operation.

Many artificial eyes are so lifelike, says Mr. Waters, that the layman can't detect them from the natural eye. Their main function is to help in building up morale.

Matchmaking paper helps lonely

ACCORDING to statisticians, Paris is having a marriage boom. Never have the marriage bureaux of Paris done such a roaring trade. Never has the paper "Marriage For All" enjoyed such a wide popularity and sale. It is in this paper that French girls can advertise for husbands at the rate of 1/6 per line, while men can try to find their ideal wives at 5/- per announcement.

In the current issue of "Marriage For All," 104 women and 79 men are advertising for mates. One column shows a large notice to clients: "Write quickly. Many parties are already engaged if you delay."

One woman modestly describes herself as "seductive, serious, chestnut-haired, svelte, elegant, classy, with nice situation," and she wants to meet a gentleman with view to marriage who is distinguished, well-mannered, and has a solid worldly situation.

Another woman who advertises for a spouse is a 39-year-old Parisienne who claims to have the considerable advantages of being "well off, pretty, gracious, gay, soulful, upright, well-built, and divorced." She says that she hopes for "happiness and great love with a man of heart, distinguished, 44-55 years old, tall, with a good job and a car."

Among the men there's a barber who wants to be linked in matrimony with a woman barber, and a man aged 29 who "having suffered" is seeking a lady who has also "suffered."



a flawless complexion
with Film Finish Cake Make-Up

Why sigh for a perfect complexion when beauty is at your finger-tips! Simply apply Film Finish Cake Make-Up. It goes on so evenly and easily, giving the skin a silken smoothness that needs no retouching . . . not even if you dance, surf, or play in the sun. Four exquisite shades.

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Journay
FILM FINISH CAKE MAKE-UP
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Glamourous full size case only 7/6d.
Journay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia.
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NOW! PROOF that brushing teeth right after eating
with New! Improved!
Colgate Dental Cream
is the safe, effective way to
HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY

New! Improved!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Now Better Than Ever!

New delicious double minty flavour! New sparkling snow-white colour! New scientific polishing action! New soapless penetrating foam — For effective daily dental care. No claim is made that using Colgate's can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started.



But brushing teeth right after eating is the proved way to help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental Cream.

Family Economy 3/-
Giant 2/-
Large 1/3



America's Largest Selling Dental Cream

Always Use Colgate's* to
Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth—and
HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
*Right after eating

DCD/129

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RICHARD HUDNUT HOME WAVING LOTION
22% MORE EFFECTIVE
takes faster - lasts longer

Tests made by a nationally known independent research laboratory* in America show: hair is measurably springier and stronger after waving with 22% more effective Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion . . . than after waving with other home permanent waving lotions. It's the extra-penetration plus the gentler conditioning action of Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion that gives your hair the kind of wave you wish you were born with . . . stronger, springier, with greater natural sheen.

Obtainable at Chemists and leading Department Stores, **22/6.**

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REFILLS

If you already own any Home Perm Kit, with plastic curlers, you can use, for your next wave, the Richard Hudnut Refill and get the advantages of the 22% more effective waving lotion for only

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WILD, WHITE, AND WOOLLY

★ Most popular baby in London is Brumas, five-months-old polar bear cub at London Zoo. Her name is a compound of the names of her keepers—Bruce and Sam.

Soon Brumas will be too big and dangerous to be cuddled. Meanwhile thousands flock to see the delightful antics of this woolly, white baby and newsreel audiences queue up whenever a new Brumas series is shown.



BRUMAS has face washed by mother. Cub is first polar bear born at London Zoo to survive more than a few days.





BITING the hand that feeds her, Brumas tries out her sharp teeth. Idol of London children, Brumas has been televised.

STRUGGLING in mother's arms, snowy-white Brumas is carried off unwillingly to bed. Mother looks as though it's been a long day for her.

Right:
BEAR HUG delivered with genuine fervor. Mother takes brief rest on hard rock, while she has chance.



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Bring out the beauty in your shoes with . .

KIWI SHOE CREAM

Thus new leather cosmetic has the creamy even consistency of an expensive face cream. It brings out the best in your shoes, hand-bags and accessories.

In four shades—Neutral, brown, blue and black. 1/- a jar.

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

MANNING said, "Maybe the girl forgot her lipstick. Came out in a hurry and left it on her dressing-table."

"Think again, Les," Grogan said scornfully. "A girl like that forget her lipstick! Still," he added, "we haven't come out of it too badly. It seemed to me there was a couple of little points up there just now that wasn't so clever as they thought."

"What's that?"

"Didn't you catch on, Les?"

And he told him as they got into the car. Inside it, he spoke at some length to Headquarters, his grey eyes needling into the back of the driver's neck.

"How much? Nine hundred, eh? Nine hundred pounds in 1937 Commonwealth Loan, four per cent?" And then to the driver: "Push on round to the Thomas' place, Jack."

As he went up on to the dusty verandah of Vio's house, Grogan head a man's voice haranguing inside—hurried, excited—but he couldn't make out the words.

He knocked, and the voice stopped.

Inside there was silence for a minute, then Vio's step came down the passage and she opened the door.

Grogan came straight to the point. "Miss Thomas, you brought your niece out to Australia to her father in 1939?"

"Yes."

"She was at school in England at that time. Her mother, your sister, was dead, and you sort of kept an eye on her?"

"Yes."

"Then when things began to get a bit hot over there you brought her out here. Her father died soon after and left her in your charge."

"Yes, that is so."

"You were left trustee for the estate until she was twenty-one. That would have been in a day or two?"

"Next Monday." Vio nodded, blinked rapidly, and made a pointless dab at the cap-like netted hair.

"The estate consisted of seven thousand pounds invested in Commonwealth Bonds carrying an interest of four per cent."

Vio said: "That is quite correct. I paid the interest into her bank account every quarter — seventy pounds."

"Yes. The last payment made by you shown in her passbook was six weeks ago."

She said sharply: "Of course. It was paid at the beginning of each quarter. I told you that. January, April, July, and October."

"But look, Miss Thomas, the Commonwealth register shows that nine hundred pounds worth of her bonds were sold in the last fifteen months."

"Yes," she said, "that is so," and her voice was cold, as though he were going a little too far in his vulgar curiosity. Well-bred people didn't discuss their finances! "I sold them for her. Three times I sold bonds for three hundred pounds. She—my niece wanted the money."

"What'd she want it for?"

She look at him primly. "I'm afraid I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No. I haven't the faintest idea."

"You mean to say you didn't inquire what she wanted this extra money for? Letting her dip into her capital to the extent of nearly a thousand pounds in little over a year?"

"Not a very difficult problem, I should think, to spend an extra nine hundred pounds these days! The cost of living going up by leaps and bounds—a young girl with lots of rich friends, and fond of clothes."

"Oh, there's that of course," he said smoothly. "Money doesn't go far these days, I'll say! But why isn't there any record of you paying this nine hundred pounds into her account?"

Continued from page 5

"I—because I gave it to her in cash."

"Cash, eh? On three separate occasions, three hundred pounds."

"Quite. She asked for it that way. In ten and twenty pound notes."

Speculatively, Grogan's eyes rested on her. "Ten and twenty pound notes? Didn't that strike you as a bit queer?"

"Yes . . . no . . . perhaps it did. I was a little uneasy. But I thought perhaps she was—was paying for some entanglement that she didn't want known."

"You said a minute ago you thought it was just to buy pretty clothes and things?"

"I told you I didn't know," she said with emphasis. "The money was hers, wasn't it? She was nearly of age, and she was to have full control of it so soon and squander it all if she wanted to."

Grogan nodded, watching her steadily.

The heat died out of her voice, her skin resumed its normal weather-beaten tint.

"My niece was very secretive about her affairs. She didn't at all welcome any inquiries from me, so I didn't make any. I just gave her this money in notes and—each time hoped it would be the last time."

He suddenly shot at her: "Then why did you go on paying the full seventy pounds interest into her bank each quarter?"

VIO hesitated. But only for a moment. "I didn't think to reduce the interest because a little bit of the capital had been sold," she said contemptuously.

"A little bit? A seventh, close on."

"It only came to about nine pounds a quarter. I should have felt very shabby to dock her that when she clearly needed money."

"Didn't you discuss that point with her? Didn't she mention the fact of you paying her the same interest?"

"No. No, she didn't."

He played a light tattoo on the table. Then: "Have you any proof of these transactions, Miss Thomas? Other than what you say? Get receipts from her? Did any letters about it pass between you?"

"How dare you!" she suddenly flared—the time-worn exclamation of the affronted spinster: "You're suggesting that I robbed my niece? Sold her bonds without her knowledge?"

"Now, now, look," he soothed her. "My job's to find out the facts. Don't you upset yourself. If you're in the right it won't do you a mite of harm me suggesting this or suggesting that. You've got to remember the C.I.B.'s got a murder on its hands to-day. A particularly callous and deliberate murder. Don't you want us to find out who killed your niece?"

"No," she said, "no, I don't. I don't believe in vengeance. It won't bring her back to life." Two tears welled out of the faded violet eyes and trickled down her cheeks. She turned to lead the way out.

Pausing before following her, Grogan stopped in front of the radio. Two armchairs were drawn up on either side of it, two big comfortable armchairs. There was a table to hand, with a telephone on it, and an ashtray laden with butts . . .

He switched on the radio.

The same voice—still hurried and excited—came again: "Firefly, followed by Houri, followed by Mountain Mist! They're turning now into the straight——"

Grogan nodded, switched off the voice in mid-gallop and followed Vio to the front door.

Please turn to page 28

DominoX R.E.G. Coats



Featuring the newest fashion shades in fancy and plain tweeds, gabardine, llama, velour and genuine mousse cloth in all fittings

An elegant simplicity reveals the latest fashion trends in the 1950 Dominex coats and costumes, styled for women who naturally expect the finest materials in superbly finished garments.

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Pamper THEIR PRICELESS SKIN WITH



Wright's is so mild for children's tender skin — yet so cleansing! It is recommended by doctors for its outstanding value in the prevention and treatment of skin complaints.

Your skin *is* priceless—*pamper it with*

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Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England w.a.

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 27

DRUITT was alone in the shop making up an order. He answered Grogan's question by repeating it: "Who was her S.P. man?"

"Yes, who's her S.P. man? That's what I said." The inspector leant further across the counter, the span of his shoulders shutting out the pyramid of tinned soup.

"Well . . ." Druitt's eyes came back and glanced at the detective sideways. "Well, I don't reckon it's much of a secret. She bets with a bookie called Stan Williams."

"And the address?"

Steadying a carefully calculated pound of cheese on the scales, Druitt told him.

"Is she a heavy punter?"

"Depends, I'd say. Depends what you'd call heavy."

Grogan thought: Too true, old son, but there'll be no "depending" about Stan Williams. An S.P. bookie was in no position to hold out on the C.I.B.

Later that day, in Brigid's cool sitting-room, the tension was being relaxed with alcohol. Ted and Athol had come, and shortly after them Kenneth. Every word now didn't seem to have two meanings or every glance a wish to probe behind it.

Elizabeth, sitting across from Ted by the open french windows, thought how good it was to be right again with him, to have the week's estrangement over, all the anger towards him melted out of her heart, and happiness waiting for them when this horror was over.

Suddenly Brigid said: "That's the car. There's Peter," and got up and ran out to meet him.

When they came in a minute later, Brigid was untying the ribbon from a box of chocolates. "Look what Peter's brought me."

Athol said, taking one: "Very nice." He bit into the sweet and looked across at Ted. Perhaps he paused for half a second. Or perhaps he was just swallowing the almond. But it was a moment before he added: "Nothing to Ted's little gift to Elizabeth, though."

"What? What gift?" She glanced from Athol to Ted.

"Far be it from me to rouse envy between friend and friend, but the enchanting thing I saw in his room this morning—"

Ted didn't move. He was staring intently at his drink, looking as though he hadn't heard.

Athol opened his eyes wide. "Don't say I've put my foot in it? That he was keeping it for some birthday or anniversary or other?"

"What is it?" Elizabeth asked.

"You're a meddlesome fellow, Athol," Ted said. "I had meant to choose some quieter moment."

She exclaimed: "Oh, what a shame. I'll try to forget all about it, then."

"No, no, you shall have it now." He got up and went outside to the verandah where he had left his coat earlier. When he came back he handed Elizabeth the tortoise-shell and gold powder compact.

She thanked him, caressed the smooth shell with her finger-tips, opened it and looked at her face in the mirror in the lid, made a show of powdering with the puff.

"It's lovely," she said. "How sweet of you. And my initial on it!"

The case went from hand to hand, was examined and admired, and came back to Elizabeth's.

The white patent-leather bag she had thrown down on the table when she came in was still lying there. She opened it and dropped the tortoise-shell case into it.

Peter said: "What are we sitting in here for? It's much cooler outside," and lifted the tray of drinks and carried it out to the verandah.

Nancy roused herself, picked up her knapsack, and took herself off casually.

After she had gone, Brigid and Elizabeth were left alone in the sitting-room for a moment.

Brigid went to the mantelpiece, rested her arms along it and gazed at herself in the mirror.

She looked tired and troubled, as she and Elizabeth hadn't allowed themselves to look all day, and she began putting on lipstick, murmuring: "I feel—it's as though there'd been an earthquake and everything is—sort of split in two."

Elizabeth went a step nearer. "Brigid," she said in a low voice, "as a matter of fact—" and paused.

That lipstick? A brand-new one, Lorette's Toreador. Who else used that?

"Yes?" Brigid was asking.

But all Elizabeth answered was: "That lipstick doesn't suit you." For with a sudden horrifying spinning of the room around her, she remembered who else used that make.

In a flash she saw again Enone's dressing-table as she had seen it this morning and, thrown down on it, the tiny cardboard container of a just unwrapped lipstick. Lorette's Toreador. The detectives had mentioned that there had been no lipstick in Enone's handbag . . .

Amid the rush of thoughts that were stampeding her — thoughts that were too fearful to be allowed harborage for an instant—she heard Brigid's voice:

"I know. It's not quite my color, is it? But Pete got it for me. He's always so sweet, buying me things for funny little surprises. I hadn't the heart to tell him it wasn't just my shade."

With a feeling of despair Elizabeth realised that it would be impossible from now on to know what was and what was not bound up with Enone's death.

ATHOL was in his room off the verandah, about to sit down to his breakfast, when Inspector Grogan arived next morning.

He looked up as the inspector came in, but didn't seem disposed to postpone his meal. He hitched up his paint-daubed slacks, sat down at the table—"Good-morning—" and cut a slice of bread.

"Good-morning, Mr. Boyd. I've come to ask you a few more questions." But Grogan's well-tested technique of putting the witness at ease was taking coals to Newcastle so far as Athol was concerned.

"Fine. What do you want to know?" Athol said, buttering bread and shaking pepper. He looked as co-operative as anyone could want.

"It's about this fellow Harry. Did you by any chance see him walk across here and get this bottle of iodine like he tells us?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Oh, you did?"

"Oh yes, he got it all right. He didn't see me. I don't think. He didn't say anything. He just stepped on to the verandah and put his hand through the bathroom window and took it off the shelf. It was his, anyhow. I'd borrowed it weeks ago and forgotten to give it back."

Athol reached for the large bottle of wine vinegar. It was almost empty. He up-ended it and shook the last few drops on to his sardines.

Grogan asked: "How long would you say he was here? Did he just take the iodine and go?"

"No, not immediately. I mean, he was about ten minutes picking mulberries."

"Mulberries?"

"Yes. Strange taste. I'd as soon eat acorns myself."

"How could he see to pick mulberries in the dark? Did he have a torch?"

Please turn to page 32



Fish asks for MUSTARD

You lose much of the delicate flavour of fish, unless you add keenness to your taste with mustard. It's wonderful, the difference it makes! More edge to your appetite and more relish! It's just one of the rules of good eating to add the stimulation of Keen's Mustard to every kind of fish.

KEEN'S of course!

K4/110

FEELING JADED?

Are things beginning to get you down? Do personal and business worries upset you so that you feel washed-out, weary, depressed? Then try taking WINCARNIS. It's amazing the way so many people have put themselves right again simply by taking WINCARNIS. There are thousands of recommendations from the medical profession praising the way WINCARNIS has helped to restore natural energy and re-build jaded nerves. The choice selected wines that go into the making of WINCARNIS are themselves first-class tonics, but in addition it contains special fortifying ingredients to nourish the nerves and brain. Take WINCARNIS and get well. Your Chemist has it. WINCARNIS . . . the Wine of Life.

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HAZEL



"It might interest you to know that while you were sitting there gapping, Beau Gem won the three-fifteen!"

BUTCH



"Can't you see through his trickery, Butch? He's trying to stall ya 'til th' cops come. He really doesn't have pistachio."

It seems to me . . .

By



Dorothy Drain

REELING from the shock of astronomical lamb prices, most housewives were inclined to welcome a proposal by the N.S.W. Minister for Labor and Industry (Mr. Finnan) that lamb carcases should be branded.

Among the many grievances of shoppers trying to live within their means is that mutton is often sold as lamb.

Some retail butchers said a team of experts would be needed to distinguish between mutton and lamb carcases, and one added facetiously: "A birth certificate would have to be produced with every carcase."

However, the branding scheme works successfully in some States.

I was delighted to hear of a country matron who, buying a pound of lamb chops in a city shop, said in loud, ringing tones: "But that isn't lamb. It's two-tooth at least" — to the annoyance of the butcher and the gratification of all the pavement-pounders in the queue.

We in the cities are partly to blame for the confusion in terms. Back in the small towns where I came from, mutton was mutton and fowls were fowls.

One of the first things I noticed about life in a big city was that in polite society when food was discussed there appeared to be only lamb and chickens. And many an aged bird masquerades as chicken on the restaurant menus.

Of course, there's a tendency, too, to refer to women of riper years as girls, but that's different, isn't it, girls?

* * *

ALL women will be beauties in the year 2000, a Hollywood make-up artist predicts.

Fat lot of good that is.

* * *

WITH furnishings the price they are I should think that anyone setting up house would be grateful for some hints on economy.

Here's a wonderful notion which struck me when washing cushion covers the other week-end. One was what you might call a phony cushion, produced in a hurry for a party by madly stuffing a spare cover with scraps of old garments.

To my joy I found among the filling a couple of items of winter underwear, still wearable.

You see how the idea could be developed, obviating any need to buy kapok. Put your summer clothes away in the cushion covers for the winter, and vice versa. So handy in flats. No more suitcases under the bed.

* * *

OH sad little silverfish! Oh melancholy moth!
Deprived of your diet of nice woollen cloth.
What you planned for supper is swiftly snatched away,
You'll have to live on rayon till some far September day.
Bleak blow the westerlies, ice-cream sales are down,
Hot dogs and hamburgers boom around the town.
Fill the blackout lanterns, check the kerosene,
Test hot-water bottles, shift the fire screen.
Better ring the man again to see about the coke,
Lay in stocks of cough-cure to still that coming croak.
Having growled about the heat, now winter days unfold,
Isn't it a lovely change to grouse about the cold?

THE request that men should have ten days' leave when their wives have babies was put forward recently by the Public Service Association of N.S.W.

One reason given was that maternity hospitals were sending mothers home much sooner than usual.

In that case, the solution seems to be more hospital accommodation, rather than leave for husbands.

Some husbands are a help around the house when a new baby arrives. Some aren't. While all for the improvement and maintenance of good working conditions, I think the ten days' leave scheme for husbands is a bit woolly.

By all means let's have better facilities for mothers, some system of trained home help where it's needed, and lessen the worries and expense associated with increasing the population.

But, if husbands are to have leave to look after their wives when they have babies, they should just as logically have leave to look after them when they are ill, and working women with sick husbands—or other relatives—have an equally good case.

* * *

NOVELIST Kathleen Winsor, the author of "Forever Amber," who has written a new book, says that she hates shopping so she usually buys an entire wardrobe in one afternoon.

Evidently the idea is still prevalent that women take a long time shopping because they just love looking around.

Now, I could buy an entire wardrobe in one afternoon quite easily. I saw the other day, hanging on a shop rack, a charming black velvet cocktail-cum-theatre frock that would have suited me admirably. The price was £51.

Rummaging through the coats a little later, I saw another nice thing—it looked rather smarter than the £14 line I'd been fingering. The handsome one was £51/16/—or maybe £53—what's a pound or two?

Just let any of us loose for an hour or two and we'll beat Miss Winsor's speed record in buying a wardrobe—if we have an open cheque at the same time.

* * *

THE British Ministry of Health has decided to make free medical treatment available to visitors to Britain for the 1951 festival.

The spokesman for the Ministry says that it may be difficult to stop an unscrupulous visitor rushing round for free wigs, spectacles, and teeth, but they don't think it's likely to happen.

They're optimistic, in my opinion. A canny, well-organised visitor could offset those items very nicely against his or her fare.

Why not go the whole way and put out posters reading "Come to Britain and Have Your Operation," sell souvenirs and book tourist trips in the hospital lobbies?

* * *

OFF on holidays this week end, so this column will be absent from the paper for the next four weeks.

If the cyclonic disturbances will kindly halt their incessant marching down the eastern seaboard it will suit me nicely.

And while giving orders I'd like to mention to any bream that happen to be around that they'd better hurry up with their northward movement on the Queensland coast. The local experts tell me they're not due at my resort till early June, which is not satisfactory.

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Does your husband help with housework?



BATHING his four-year-old daughter Robyn is pleasant chore for Mr. Evan Foster, of Hurstville, N.S.W. His wife, who is affected by polio-myelitis, says he is a wonderful help in the house.



GOOD HUSBAND Bill Stien, of Hurstville, N.S.W., regularly washes up for his wife, who on this occasion helps him by taking a tea-towel.



MRS. FRANK ROUGHSEDGE, of West Ryde, N.S.W., demonstrates kitchen dresser, one of many pieces of furniture made by her husband.



WASHING MACHINE, gift from her husband, is given a trial run by Mrs. Edwin Gosbee, of Balmain, N.S.W.

Survey shows that domesticated males are in the majority

By PATRICIA McKINNON, staff reporter

Does your husband help in the house?

To plumb this all-important question for the girl whose ambition is to be happily married, The Australian Women's Weekly conducted a house-to-house survey.

THE result is a happy one for the prospective bride, and may be a surprise to some wives. The survey showed that 88 per cent. of Australian husbands are willing helpers with household chores.

We didn't find out whether the little woman charms or bullyrags her spouse into helping round the house, but taking a strictly sentimental view it would be nice to think the Australian "he" is tired of watching his wife work like a slave and really wants to help.

Most of our heroes, though bashful of the camera, were obviously pleased to hear how their wives appreciated them.

To get our average, 120 housewives from every class of home were questioned, and their answers were carefully collated.

The basic question "does your husband help willingly in the house?" received an 88.5 per cent. affirmative answer.

The 11.5 per cent. who said their husband had to be hounded to do things for them, added remarks such as "my husband is a wharfie and when he's finished, he's finished," and "I have to nag him, and threaten not to let him out at night unless he washes up."

But some loyally defended a lazy spouse by saying "a woman's place is in the home, housework is her duty, and when a man is the bread-winner he should not be expected to do work in the home as well."

An ecstatic member of the 88.5 per cent., Mrs. Patricia McCumiskey of Hurstville, N.S.W., describes her husband James as "a perfect model."

Mrs. McCumiskey, who has been married six years, has two small children, Susan, aged 5, and Peter aged 3, said that her husband will do anything at all to help her.

"If I am busy sewing when he comes home he will always get the **dinner, and he doesn't wait to be asked either," she said.**

His most regular job—one he does every night—is to bath the children and put them to bed.

"Jim considers this is his job," Mrs. McCumiskey said. "He says the children belong to both of us and it is only fair that he should do his share of looking after them."

Mrs. McCumiskey said she has never had to do the washing since before her first baby was born.

"Jim took it over then and has done it ever since. He thinks it is much too heavy for a woman."

Another chore he will do, if they are having a party, is to polish and scrub the floors, and the next morning will clean up the debris.

Mrs. McCumiskey says that she had no idea what a jewel she was getting when she married.

"I met my husband while he was in the R.A.A.F. and I was in the A.W.A.S., and we just used to go out together and have a lot of fun.

"I still can't understand how he comes to be so domesticated especially as he has told me his mother and sister used to wait on him hand and foot."

Among the majority of helpful husbands, what do you think is their most common chore?

They put out the dustbin—75.5 per cent. of them take care of this once-or-twice-weekly job, and, running a close second, are the 71 per cent. who help fix repairs and breakages in the home.

"My husband can mend or fix anything," was the proud boast of many women, including Mrs. Nancy Roughsedge, of West Ryde, N.S.W.

Mrs. Roughsedge said her husband, Frank, has made many of the pieces of furniture in their home, and at the moment is using his week-ends to help with the building of their dream home.

Mrs. Roughsedge, who has been married eight years and has two children, aged 7 and 5, said that her husband is willing and able to do most of the household chores.

"I don't like him to do more than necessary, as his week-ends are so full, and he works hard at his furniture manufacturing business. But if I'm sick he is a great hand at taking over."

Most people hate washing up dishes, but it seems that 63 per cent. of husbands regard this as one of their jobs, and before they start 60.5 per cent. clear the table.

The lawnmower and husbands have to be re-introduced by most wives every so often, but, nevertheless, 52.5 per cent. of husbands spend some of their week-ends keeping the garden, the lawns, and their waistlines in shape.

Also, 52 per cent. of them clean the family shoes and help each day with the shopping, though most admit they do not like shopping.

Mrs. Stien, of Hurstville, N.S.W., says her husband, Bill, will do anything for her but shopping. He says he just hasn't the patience for waiting to be served.

"Otherwise he's wonderful!" she said. "If I'm running late with the housework he will always put the vacuum cleaner through for me, and helps me with the washing when I'm not well."

Her husband is a carpenter, Mrs. Stien said, and, being a tradesman, is good at repair jobs in the house. He has papered the rooms right through, built a new laundry, and plans to add a sunroom to the back of the house.

Mrs. Stien said she knew he would make a good husband soon after she first met him, as he came from a family of two boys whose father was very strict about them helping their mother.

If you are one of those women who think that the male who can iron is not to be found, you'll be surprised to learn that 18.5 per cent. of husbands look after their own clothes, cleaning, brushing, and PRESSING them.

And a wonderful 12.5 per cent. will iron the clothes after 26.5 per cent. have washed them.

As most men of our acquaintance think that the vacuum cleaner is a machine which takes the place of a house-cleaning genie in the home, the 25.5 per cent. of men who run the cleaners over the carpets must do it because they enjoy it.

But the roughly 19 per cent. who both wash and polish floors must be imbued with the pure spirit of unselfish sacrifice.

Mrs. Edwin Gosbee, of Balmain, N.S.W., is a wife who says her husband is very handy with the vacuum cleaner.

"He will look after our two-year-old son, change him, and bathe him," she said.

It is hardly news that at the bottom of the list are the mere 8 per cent. of husbands who do the dusting, for noticing dust is not one of the male's strong points.

On the side of the wives, who by now possibly have an inferiority complex from hearing about all these helpful husbands, we must state that 86 per cent. of the women we questioned said that they folded a shirt to their husband's satisfaction, and 73 per cent said their husbands approved of the way they managed their housekeeping money.

But the one thing our survey really showed is that there is no dependable yardstick for measuring the domestic potentialities of a future husband.

The chances are, though, he will do something to help and do it willingly, and with luck he might put you among the 24 per cent. of wives who believe, with good reason, that there is such a thing as a perfect husband.

Some men wash and iron

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CHAMPION PICKER, Linda Hage, at end of women's contest in which she picked 431lb. in half an hour. Later her husband, Dennis, won men's contest with 433lb. in same time. He is nursing baby Jennifer, while two-year-old Suzanne hoes into the grapes.

Growers celebrate vintage

S.A. festival drew thousands from all States and abroad

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

The annual two-day festival which marks the end of the vintage in the lovely Barossa Valley, S.A., has become a regular feature of Australian life.

For years, district folk, vintners, and allied manufacturers have planned and labored to give the valley, which produces three-fifths of the wine output of Australia, the prestige they felt was its due.

THE recent fourth festival crowned all their efforts. It drew thousands of visitors from all over Australia. Its fame had extended to Capetown, South Africa, and that city sent a representative to see how the festival was managed, so that they might copy the idea.

He is Mr. J. I de Villiers, a town councillor of Paarl, in the grape-growing Berg River Valley.

When I came into the half awake valley in the early morning, the autumn sun had already given high color to the changing leaves in the vineyards. The atmosphere was pure champagne, the sky had just the right amount of blue with cloud patternings.

When the fun was all over late the next night the peaceful highways had become rivers of light as thousands of cars drove home through the fertile valley.

Ten towns shared the merrymaking and will divide the profits of the festival, £5500, proportionately.

A grape-picking contest on the road to Angaston started the festival, and rodeo championships on Angaston Oval kept visitors entertained.

The first night's concert was given before a 40-feet-high pink shell erected in the main street at Nuriootpa, senior town of the group. The second night a thrilling programme, including the "mounties," rodeo items, Indian rope trick, hypnotist, trick bicyclist, roller skaters, held many thousands of spectators on the Tanunda Oval.

Preceding this was a mile-long procession of decorated floats which traversed a four-mile route.

After the first night's concert, which culminated in the crowning of the Queen of the Vintage, crowds of people danced in the streets.

Those who had failed to find accommodation slept in their cars, camped on the wayside, or found haven under street verandahs on bales of straw.

In the milling crowds in the streets were scores of merry folk, among them New Australians in gay fancy costumes, who had come on from the buffet dinner given by Penfolds in their winery, or from the supper party given by all the wine-growers in Seppelts' citrus factory.

Earlier excitement had been terrific in the grape-picking contests. Pace-setters were Dennis Hage, of Tanunda, and his pretty wife, formerly Linda Koch, of Rowlands Flat, both of whose families are well known in the valley.

Dennis was last year's winner, with 320lb. cut in half an hour. This year he set a new record, 433lb., about 14lb. per minute. I set the stop-watch on the snips of his secateurs—48 to the minute!

Nijinsky had nothing on him. He leapt like a well-developed Nordic faun from one vine to the next.

Linda and Dennis Hage kept their bucket-carrier running at breathless pace. He was young John Schulz, of Tanunda, whose grapes Dennis picks by contract.

The thing I liked most was the community spirit in the valley. Practically everyone took part to make it a people's festival.



VINTAGE QUEEN Maureen John is crowned by South African visitor Mrs. J. T. de Villiers, who wore fancy dress.



RACE against time for Dennis Hage, champion grape-picker.

The John family of Tanunda was characteristic of the district. Maureen, youngest of the family of ten children, was chosen Queen of the Vintage, from ten competitors.

A lovely lass, Maureen looked charming in a two-tone satin frock in pale blue and pale pink, which her sister Fay had made for her.

Three of her brothers, Frank, Galwin, and Warren, assisted in preparing the Tanunda town float, a large, handsome seahorse riding the waves, on which Maureen drove through the towns. Frank was also bandmaster at the massed bands performance in Tanunda.

And their father, Mr. A. P. John, who is a cooper, entered a float of barrels from his works at Tanunda.

I met Mr. and Mrs. F. Walter Nietschke, of Maranangа, a tiny hamlet near Seppeltsfield, consisting of a school, a dance hall, two farm houses, and two houses near the road. It has a band in which Mr. Nietschke is a drummer.

The handful of Maranangans thought they were not important enough to take part in district efforts, but a new schoolmaster, Mr. Howard Phitzner, infected them with the community spirit.

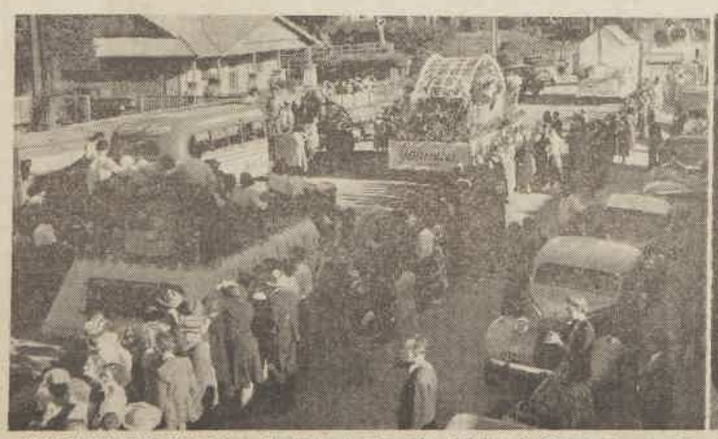
Assisted by neighbors, including Mr. Bill Seppelt, of Seppeltsfield, they formed a float committee.

Mrs. Nietschke was convener of the women's committee, and her son Colin secretary of the men's.

Their lovely float, built to resemble a huge floral golden crown, and drawn by two fine greys, won first prize for the town floats.

Mr. Phitzner himself was director of the floats at the procession.

When the fun of the festival was over and the guests had all departed, my guess is that the townspeople felt a bit of an anticlimax . . . The mess they had to clean up was just nobody's business. And what would they do with the silence!



FLOATS ON THE ROAD from Nuriootpa to Tanunda. Leading is Maranangа's winning crown, then a furnishing store's exhibit, colorful Yalumba, and after that bubbling Tintara.



ESTONIANS wearing their picturesque national dress, after performing at the Nupriootpa concert, join the merry-go-round by dancing merrily in the streets.

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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 28

FOR a moment, Athol stared in surprise at the inspector. "A torch?" he said. "Are we at cross purposes?"

"Eh?"

"I'm speaking of Friday morning—about eleven o'clock. That's when Harry took the iodine."

"Friday morning?" Grogan repeated. "You're sure of that?"

"Of course I'm sure. He had a basket and stood under the tree picking the things. I remember thinking it was rather a nice composition—or would have been if the tree hadn't been a mulberry and the figure hadn't been Harry. The iodine was an after-thought. He saw it through the bathroom window as he was leaving, I suppose."

"Why didn't you speak to him if he came up on to the verandah alongside your room?"

"I was working. And anyhow, I never find anything to say to poor old Harry. A fearfully decent bloke, I'm sure, but solid ivory from the neck upwards." Athol was biting into a peeled egg with relish.

"I see." Grogan nodded. He added casually: "On Friday night, Mr. Boyd, you and Mr. Symonds left the Connells' together, didn't you?"

"No. Oh, no." Athol didn't fall for this one. "I told you yesterday morning, when you first asked me. I left at eight-thirty, but not at the same time as Symonds. I didn't come home with him, though he was on my heels. I hadn't been in more than five minutes when I heard him enter the house."

"And you say that neither of you went out again?"

"Correct. I was in here messing about doing odd jobs all the evening, and almost at once he turned on his gramophone. He put on record after record till he went to bed at—oh, it must have been well after eleven."

"Are you fond of music?"

Athol spared him a glance from the teapot.

"Definitely. I followed the concert closely. He played the Jupiter, the Emperor Concerto, some Chopin, the Scarlatti Pastorale."

"Got a good memory, haven't you?"

"For anything I'm interested in, excellent. All else I wipe my mind clean of. That's the secret of a good memory."

Grogan looked around the comfortable, orderly living-room and studio.

"Were you staying on here after Symonds got married?"

"Why not? Poor little Enone would hardly have buried herself at Come-hither Bend for much of the year. She liked life too well . . . far too well."

"I see. Maybe he'd have sold the place then?"

Athol got up and hunted for a cigarette. "I couldn't say," he said shortly. "I hadn't thought so far ahead."

At the door Grogan asked: "Where does Symonds keep his gramophone?"

"In his little study over there."

Grogan went across the courtyard in the still fresh morning, a darker shadow among the dappled shadows of the tree. He thought, stepping across the flags: That bloke knows when he's well off!

Kenneth's summer sleeping place was a wired-in corner on the opposite side of the verandah.

On a flagstone nearby, something caught Grogan's eye. He called back over his shoulder to Athol: "Do you keep a cat?"

Athol came out, napkin in hand, an eyebrow raised.

"No, we don't," he said patiently.

Grogan looked down at the flagstone again. Since they hadn't a cat that drop of milk, dried up in the sun, might lead somewhere.

Leaving Athol standing there, he went into Kenneth's study.

Kenneth wasn't around this morning. The gramophone—non-electric—was on the table by the big chair, and there, too, was a pile of records, not put back in the cabinet.

The inspector turned them over and read the titles. All like he'd said. And much it meant either way.

Grogan shrugged, and went on his way to Lyndhurst. Without any embarrassment Harry took back what he had told the inspector yesterday—that is, he took back part of it.

On Friday night? That's right, he hadn't gone over to Symonds' to get the iodine. But he had gone there—just after nine, as he'd said. What for? He'd gone to ring up a doctor because he wasn't at all sure that Miss Thomas' ankle shouldn't be attended to.

Why hadn't he rung from home? Well, Miss Thomas didn't believe in doctors—never would have one. He didn't want to upset her by arguing so he'd just gone over to Symonds' and rung there.

Vio's eyes rested on him with motherly tenderness as he talked.

"You needn't have worried, dear," she said. "I assured you I wasn't badly hurt."

"Why didn't the doctor come?" Grogan asked.

"I couldn't get him. He was out. I didn't leave a message. I thought I'd wait and see how the ankle was in the morning."

"Who did you see at Symonds'?"

"I didn't see anyone."

"Weren't they at home?"

"I couldn't say where they were."

"Did you hear any music?"

Harry pondered. "I don't know . . . yes . . . I think the wireless was on somewhere. Or it might have been the gramophone. He plays that a lot." He took up his tea cup as the inspector rose to go . . .

AT the Connells' this Sunday morning, as though by common consent, the murder wasn't mentioned.

Brigid was in the kitchen filling a walnut cake. Peter was on the verandah mending a fishing line.

Ted had come over, and Brigid had asked him and Elizabeth to take the car and go round to the dairy for more cream. He was lying on the couch in the sitting-room, turning over a magazine, while he waited for Elizabeth to be ready to go.

When she came in, he swung his long legs off the couch and went quickly to meet her . . . took her in his arms and kissed her.

But there must have been something of her absent in her kisses, for in a little while he said: "What's the matter, darling?"

She drew away from him.

"Ted, I want you to go back to town."

"What for? Why?"

"Because I don't see why you should be drawn into this awful business."

"Drawn into it? How could I be?"

"If you're here at all. All the questioning, I mean. You don't know what it's like."

"I can guess."

"As it is, they've never seen you, don't even know that you knew Enone. Why should you stay and have the spotlight turned on you, the way it is on everybody else? . . . please, you will, won't you?"

Ted eyed her thoughtfully.

"Now, listen, Elizabeth," he said, "you're just getting worked up, asking me to do something that would look guilty—rush back to town on Sunday morning when everyone knows I came for the week-end."

"I'm not, it's only——"

"I'll be offended if you go on."

He kissed her into silence.

Please turn to page 34

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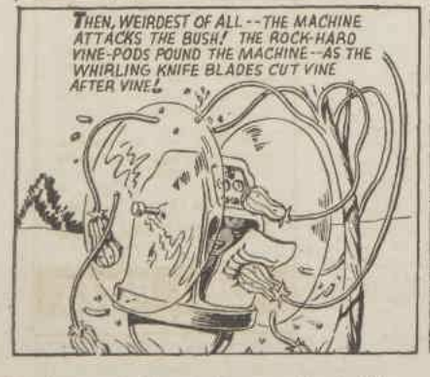


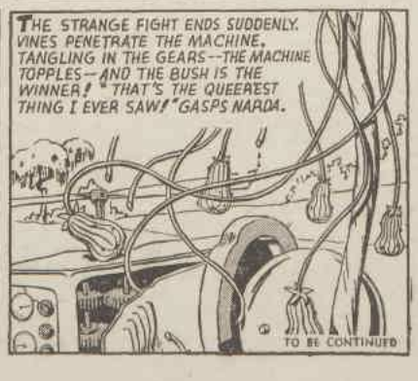












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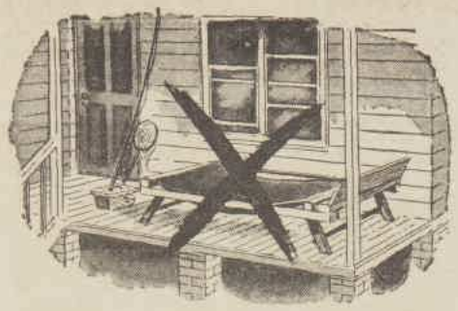
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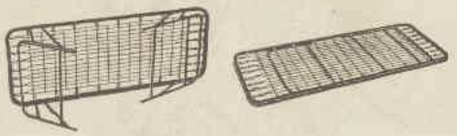
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No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dope; no smoke, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in three minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, using nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

PARTY TIME

Winter time is party time, so if you're planning a large celebration or an intimate buffet dinner, you'll welcome the helpful hints in

"Cookery for Parties"

Published by The Australian Women's Weekly. You'll find this an indispensable guide for all who entertain at home—and it costs only **2/-** everywhere.

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

GROGAN'S tap on the open front door must have been a soft one. He was standing in the sitting-room doorway when Elizabeth and Ted looked up.

Ted got up quickly. He knew who this was, this large glossy bloke. Elizabeth had given a good word picture of the inspector.

He said: "My name's Fanshawe. I'm stopping at the Captain Cook for the week-end," and opened his cigarette case and held it out.

Grogan shook his head.

Ted lighted his own. "Any further developments in the case?" he asked, shaking the match out slowly, his eyes narrowed against the smoke, on the inspector.

"Oh, we're following up a couple of theories. It takes time, you know, sifting out facts."

The two men stood about eight feet apart in the long room, Grogan as solid as a Town Hall, Ted taller, but tough-looking, too.

Grogan asked: "Is Miss Phillipson anywhere about?"

Elizabeth answered: "No, she's not here this morning. She went back to town last night."

"Oh, she did, did she? I just thought if she was here there was a couple of things I wanted to ask her. How long did her and the deceased share a flat?"

"I couldn't say for sure. You'll have to ask her. She may be back to-day or she may not."

"What time exactly was it she got here on Friday night?"

"A quarter past nine." She got up. "We're going out, if there's nothing you want to see me about?"

"No, no. Going for a spin?"

"No, just to the dairy for some cream."

The telephone extension in Elizabeth's studio rang at that moment. She went to answer it. At the door she hesitated, turned and said to Ted: "Get out the car, will you?" and ran along the hall.

Ted nodded to the inspector and went towards the door. There he paused and fatally turned back.

"She's forgotten her bag," he murmured.

Elizabeth's white bag was still on the table where she had left it last night. Grogan's glance found it swiftly—as swiftly as he had noted Ted's indecision.

"Don't you worry, I'll see she takes it," he said. Ted grunted something and went out to the garage.

The inspector went straight across to the table and stood looking down at the bag. What would there be here, now, that that fellow had on his mind that he hadn't liked leaving her bag alone in the room with him?

He lifted the bag and opened it.

Nothing there at first sight, nothing of consequence. A mirror, a little money, a lipstick and two compacts.

Why two? The flat round silver one seemed to be the one in use—powder inside and a puff soaked with it. The other was tortoise-shell, a bit of an antique, looked like. Didn't look as if it'd been used . . . although the stuff smelt of powder . . . a different scent to the other.

He closed the small case and looked at the lid. The elaborate gold scroll work suddenly showed itself to be an E inside a floral wreath . . . Well now!

Thoughtfully, he dropped it back into the bag and put the bag down on the table again. But he didn't fasten the flap.

Elizabeth came back. She looked, he thought, relieved to find him alone.

He said: "Your friend's gone to get the car out. Don't you go forgetting your bag," and took it up to hand it to her. But by the wrong end. The contents spilled out on the table. "Sorry!" he exclaimed.

"It's quite all right." She began putting the odds and ends back.

Ted appeared in the doorway. "Ready Liz?"

"I'm just coming."

Continued from page 32

The inspector's large, square-tipped hand closed over the tortoise-shell case. "That's a pretty thing."

"Isn't it? It's new. I haven't used it yet."

"A present, eh?"

"Yes. From Mr. Fanshawe."

"Very nice." Grogan smoothed the shell with his thumb, snapped the case open and glanced inside.

Ted strolled up to the table and slipped his arm through Elizabeth's.

"Yes, but the trouble is, you'll notice, half the time a girl will cling to the thing she's using, in preference to anything you can buy her."

"That's right, that's quite right, too. Talking of compacts, we're looking for one in this inquiry, you know."

"Is that so? No, I didn't know."

"Yes. Funny thing, there was no powder in the deceased's hand-bag when she was found. No powder and no lipstick. Though she used both."

"Did she?"

"Yes. Didn't you know her?"

"Oh yes, I knew her slightly."

"Ever write her any letters?"

"No, I didn't. I had no reason to write to her. I only met her a few times, with Symonds."

Elizabeth had begun to fidget, looking from one to the other, opening and shutting her bag. Now the thing that she wanted to save Ted from was beginning — these brutally insinuating questions! Here was another of them: "How did you get down here on Friday night?"

"My brother-in-law drove me."

"What's his name?"

"Sutherland — Brian Robert — a heart specialist—Macquarie Street."

APPARENTLY changing the subject abruptly, Grogan asked, "Have you one of those white macs, Mr. Fanshawe?"

Ted stared. "I do. Yes. Old but serviceable — one button off the sleeve. I also have six suits, none very new, I take mustard with mutton and sugar on my porridge and I have a bad habit of playing tiddlywinks with beer bottle caps."

Grogan looked back to the compact in his hand. "Where did you buy this case?"

Ted told him.

"Pay by cash or cheque?"

"Cheque."

"When did you buy it?"

"About a week ago. They had that mirror fitted in the lid for me and I called for it on Friday morning."

"This last Friday?"

"This last. Then I went across the road and bought that bit of swansdown—two and eleven. You can check up on all these facts if you care to."

"Thanks." Grogan opened the case again. "By the way, how do you account for the puff smelling of powder when this young lady says she hasn't used it yet?"

"Quite simply. If you care to smell the other things on the counter where I bought it you'll find they've all got some scent. Piled up there was soap and stuff."

Elizabeth put out her hand. "May I have it, please?" Grogan snapped it shut and gave it back to her. She turned and walked to the door and went out, Ted following. The very back of her head was saying: "This serves you right! I told you so."

Grogan went out to the police car at the gate. He didn't believe in hunches but, by Jupiter, it was hard not to believe in this one!

Certainly the fellow had a very neat story and he'd hardly be such a fool as to tell it if it couldn't be checked up on.

Still. Two compacts—one given to his girl on the very day after the murder. E for Elizabeth, and for Emone . . .

To be continued



I find Ford Pills suit me perfectly. Whenever I'm feeling headachy or listless, they put me right on top of the world again. I always keep Ford Pills in the house.



For my husband as well, Ford Pills are specially suitable. At the first signs of Indigestion or Stomach troubles, one or two Ford Pills at bedtime make him a new man in the morning.



Joan, too, is a picture to look at. Clear eyes, healthy skin, always ready to enjoy life to the full — thanks to her appreciation of Ford Pills.



When Joan was a baby, and before she came along, I found Ford Pills just right for expectant and nursing mothers. They don't cause griping, flavour mother's milk or upset baby.

Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all of your family.

In Plastic Tubes 2/6 EVERYWHERE

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FORD PILLS

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The Little Princesses

NOW there were too many unpleasant facts to be faced, too many decisions that must be made immediately, too many nightmare possibilities.

It was decided I had better go for my holiday as usual, and I left on August fourth, leaving the little girls in London.

Our good-byes were sad and strained. We were all of us wondering unhappily what would have happened by the time we were together again.

The little girls did not know if they would get up north at all, and they watched my departure with envy.

"Lucky Crawfie. Going to Scotland."

In the end it was decided they would go as usual on August seventh. I had a triumphant letter from Margaret, telling me they had arrived.

They went up on the private train from Kings Cross Station to Ballater.

The train consists of luggage waggons, waggons to take the Royal cars, and three sleeping and eating coaches for the children and their parents. Alah always went with them and had entire charge of the children while I had my holiday.

The Queen has a bedroom and a small sitting-room; the King has a bedroom and shares the Queen's sitting-room.

The children shared a sleeping-car with Alah and Bobo, the nurse-maid, who had a small compartment curtained off.

This business of going to bed in the train was always a very exciting one.

The journey took in all about fourteen hours, as the Royal Train did not allow speed to interfere with comfort.

At Ballater the party is met by cars and does the remaining nine-odd miles by road.

The children's ponies were sent on ahead by ordinary horse-box. Their endless dogs, including the Queen's bad-tempered Dookie, went with them.

Little they dreamed how long it would be before they saw London again.

War was declared on September third. I was still on my holiday when I got a telegram message asking if I could come as soon as possible to Birkhall. I collected my things and caught my train wondering what was going to happen.

It was a gloomy journey.

All about Aberdeen Station anxious knots of people stood talking.

The blackout had started and already shed its gloom over half the country.

The station lights had all gone out, and darkened trains were already taking off the young men.

When I arrived at Birkhall I found the King and Queen had already gone south in great haste the night before.

The Honorable Mrs. Geoffrey Bowlby, the Queen's lady-in-waiting, had stayed for two or three days until such time as I could get there.

The two little girls and Alah were waiting for me. They were anxious and very apprehensive about ther parents.

"Why had mummie and papa to go back, Crawfie? Do you think the Germans will come and get them?" Lilibet asked me.

I remember assuring her heartily that there wasn't the slightest chance of it.

Continued from page 23

I have wondered since why it was that I felt so absolutely confident, but I did. Lilibet was very calm and helpful, as usual, and at once ranged herself on the side of law and order.

"I don't think people should talk about battles and things in front of Margaret," she said. "We don't want to upset her."

The King and Queen telephoned through to us every night at six o'clock. The children waited anxiously for the telephone bell to ring. Then there would be a mad rush.

The Queen always had a word with me first. I think they felt it very keenly that at this distressing time the family had to be separated.

Both the Queen and the King were most anxious that the children should be kept as far as possible away from it all.

"Stick to the usual programme as far as you can, Crawfie. We don't know what is coming, of course, but carry on as long as possible, just as usual."

Up there among the moors and heather it was easy to do this. The heather was coming out, and the moors all about us were wine-red and beautiful. The River Muick rippled merrily through the gardens in those lovely autumn days, while Poland was being overrun and the "lights were going out all over Europe."

Up here in the Highlands all was peace. The curlews called. The grouse raised its familiar old cry, "Go back, go back," unharried for once by the guns which were all employed elsewhere.

There was now no mummie and papa to visit in the early morning, so they both came to me very punctually at half past nine.

We worked until eleven o'clock, then had our usual break, coffee and biscuits for me, orange juice and biscuits for the little girls.

Then we used to catch George, the pony, and saddle him and go for a brisk walk, the children taking it in turns to ride.

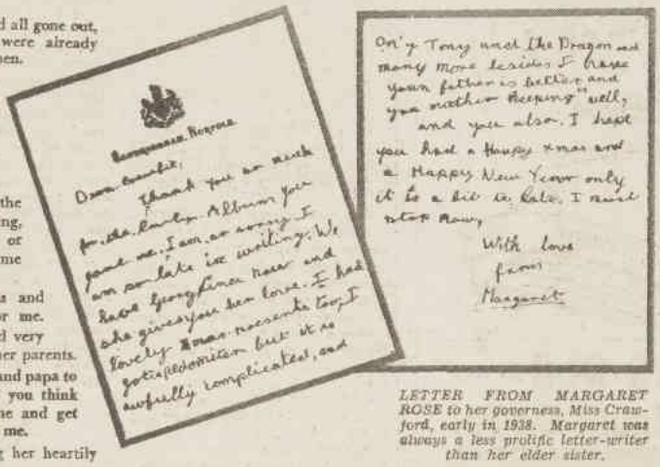
Everything smelled good, so clean and sweet, and our feet sank deliciously into the moss on either side of the river.

The children and I had lunch together with Sir Basil Brooke, who was in charge of the household up there.

The little girls were always rather sad, missing mummie and papa and conscious of the empty places.

To be continued

NEXT week in instalment IV of "The Little Princesses" Marion Crawford tells of the quiet but lonely and anxious life she shared with her Royal charges, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, during the first years of the war. Separated most of the time from their beloved parents, the Princesses, first in Scotland then virtually hidden at Windsor Castle, looked forward mainly to their week-end or occasional holiday reunions, anxious like all children about the safety of their mother and father. From one point of view, Miss Crawford says, their seclusion was a benefit as it gave them time to devote to serious study.



LETTER FROM MARGARET ROSE to her governess, Miss Crawford, early in 1938. Margaret was always a less prolific letter-writer than her elder sister.

"White Cloud" PURE VEGETABLE SHORTENING

£2000 RECIPE COMPETITION is open!

Enter now in the first White Cloud recipe competition. Competition No. 1 provides prizes of £250, £100, and £50, (with 10 other prizes of £10 each) for the best recipes for biscuits and confections. Shown in this advertisement is a typical recipe for this competition, which closes on 5th May.

CONDITIONS:—

1. Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page section in which recipe is to be entered. Use one side only.
2. All submitted recipes must include the use of WHITE CLOUD pure vegetable shortening.
3. Measurements to be given by accurate weight or level measurements (level cup, level spoon).
4. Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete and concise.
5. If recipes are taken from books, magazines or newspapers, name of publication must be given.
6. All recipes submitted become the property of Vegetable Oils Pty. Ltd., who reserve the right to print or publish any of them.

BISCUITS & CONFECTIONS

In this competition, biscuits, small "cookies" and confectionery are all suitable for submission. Send in as many entries as you like, but post each separately.

1st Prize - - - - - £250
2nd " - - - - - £100
3rd " - - - - - £50
and 10 prizes of £10 each

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES 5th MAY

Enter NOW

SPECIMEN RECIPE

"BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONS"

FROSTED DELIGHTS

4 oz. WHITE CLOUD	Vanilla
4 oz. sugar	2 cups plain flour
1 tables. boiling milk	2 level teas. baking powder
1 egg and 1 egg yolk	½ level teas. salt

1. Cut WHITE CLOUD into a basin, add warmed sugar and boiling milk, and cream thoroughly.
2. Add eggs one at a time and vanilla, and mix well.
3. Sift flour, baking powder and salt, and add to creamed mixture.
4. Spread on to a tin about 10½" x 7½" prepared by lining with greased greaseproof paper.
5. Cover with meringue mixture and bake in moderate oven about 20 to 30 minutes. Cover with greaseproof paper if topping browns too quickly.
6. When nearly cold, cut into finger lengths.

MERINGUE TOPPING

1 egg white	½ cup cocoanut
	½ cup brown sugar

1. Beat egg white stiffly, add brown sugar, and beat well
2. Fold in cocoanut.

HOW TO USE "WHITE CLOUD"

White Cloud is a pure vegetable shortening and cooking fat which can be used in all situations where a fat is required. Among its unusual uses, it can be added to creamed potatoes and when preparing your Competition Entry, experiment will show you many other new and fascinating ways to use this remarkable product.

When creaming with White Cloud, always add a little warm milk, and either grate or cut up into basin. This will make it easy to work and will also have the effect of making cakes and pastries keep moist and fresh longer.

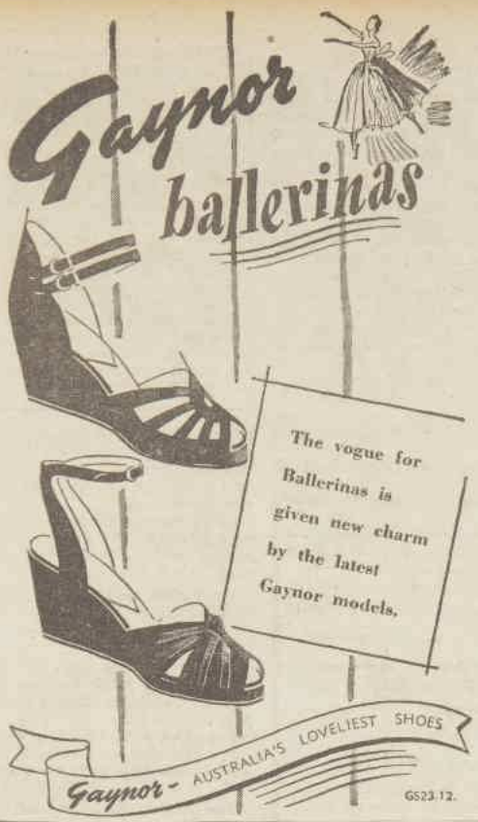
White Cloud keeps almost indefinitely in any normal cool place. For wet frying, have sufficient White Cloud in the deep frying pan to cover the foods to be fried, but do not fill the pan any more than two-thirds full.

For either wet or dry frying, wait until a faint blue fume rises from heated White Cloud before frying the food. Heat the White Cloud gradually.

When you have finished frying, allow the White Cloud to cool a little before turning into storage tin.

Post your entries to WHITE CLOUD, Box 64, P.O. Mascot, Sydney, N.S.W.

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89 YEARS OLD
Plays Piano Hours Daily!

GIVES CREDIT FOR BRIGHT, ALERT HEALTH TO KRUSCHEN.

Mrs. Mary Foote, "Bonnie Doon," 7 Darby St., Bayswater, W.A., lives a full, active life—thanks to Kruschen, according to this letter from her daughter, Mrs. Esme McDougall.

READ WHAT SHE SAYS.

"My mother (Mrs. Mary Foote) was 89 years last September and does 2 hours every morning at the piano, doing nothing but classics. She loves motor drives any time of day or night. Knits baby layette sets, tatting and crochet. You should see her at a crowded table playing Radio Rummy, the brightest one at the table; she reads 3 books a week, never wants to go to bed. When anyone asks her who she gives credit to, her reply is "Kruschen Salts" for all her activities. For the past 40 odd years she has had ½ teaspoon daily.

COULDN'T DO MY JOB.

writes Mr. E. Webb, *Paddington, N.S.W.*

"Now I take regular doses of Kruschen, and rheumatic pains no longer make my life a constant misery—Kruschen keeps me fit."



Mrs. Mary Foote, 89 *years old, gives credit to Kruschen for her good health.*

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Are you on top of the world, fighting fit, full of the joy of living? . . . Or are you dragged down by the lassitude, the rheumatic and muscular pains, that are so often due to wastes poisoning the system? Start taking Kruschen tomorrow!

2 WAYS TO TAKE KRUSCHEN

* *Medicinal Dose for rheumatism, gout, lumbago—a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water daily.* * *The "Little Daily Dose"—not much as still even a sixpence is tasteless in your morning cup of tea.*

KRUSCHEN SALTS Trial Size 1/6 Large Economy 2/9 at Chemists and Stores.



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GET THAT FAMOUS KRUSCHEN FEELING!

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Oh! my aching shoulder!



Heat is Nature's method of relieving pain—and Wawn's Wonder Wool, a medicated cotton wool, is the proven method of creating "inner heat." A pad of Wawn's Wonder Wool, applied to the affected area, stimulates circulation, soothes away painful twinges, relieves congestion—quickly, conveniently and without drugs. *Keep a packet handy this winter!*

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Muscular Aches and Pains and Flu!

1W22

My White Donkey

I LOOKED at Whitey. "He's feeling shy," I thought. "I must go and comfort him."

So I went and put my arms round his neck, and he rubbed his forehead against my jersey. Then I fetched him a piece of sugar.

"Dear Whitey," I said. "Good Whitey. I hope you'll be happy."

Father explained that Whitey was going to live in the orchard. He had never lived in a stable, and apparently did not mind the cold. We had a shed in one corner of the orchard, where we put some straw. Father said I was to keep an eye on the straw, and help to clean it out.

During the following days, I spent a good deal of time with Whitey. I rearranged his straw, though he had not slept on it. I took him some hay, though he preferred the long, fresh grass. I talked to him; and I felt that thoughts were passing between us, as I gazed into his solemn and darkly shining eyes, which I now saw were surrounded by long lashes. They seemed to be full of placid meaning, and, in a way, of advice.

It seemed to me that he was saying, "Michael, I'm afraid you are rather a silly little boy; but I like you all right, and I think we shall get on well together."

And sometimes, he seemed to say, "If you watch me, and take my advice, you will become less silly."

That very evening his advice and his promise were put to a severe test. Goller, passing by and seeing me staring at Whitey in the orchard, thumped me on the back and said, "Hullo; a donkey looking at a donkey."

I said nothing, but felt angry.

"I suppose you know why father's given you that silly old moke," said Goller.

"Why?" I said.

He was nearly four years older than I was, and he had a crushing way of airing the fact that he was sometimes in our parents' inner councils.

"Do you really want to know?" said Goller.

"Yes."

"It's because he despises you," said Goller. "It's a punishment. It's to make a fool of you. You aren't fit to have a pony, so you have to have a donkey. Gosh! Fancy being given a donkey!"

"No," I said, "that isn't true. That isn't what father meant."

"Of course it's what he meant."

"It isn't."

"It is."

"It isn't. It isn't." My voice began to raise itself shrilly.

"All right," said Goller. "Why did he give you the donkey then? Everyone knows it's your donkey. Father meant to show everybody what a fool you are. I know, because he told me. So shut up."

Goller went. My inside self rushed round and round in a whirlpool of fear, of desperation, of shame, of renewed hope, then of further doubt.

Gradually I became less agitated. I found I was again leaning over the orchard fence looking at Whitey, as he grazed among the apple trees. I went into the orchard, and stroked him. Already I began to feel calmer.

Then I put my arms round his neck, and said gently into one of his long, pink-lined ears, "Whitey, is it true? It isn't true, is it?"

He raised his head from the grass and shook it violently, and my heart bounded up with happiness. I suppose I knew vaguely that he had shaken his head because I had tickled his ear, yet it did not affect my happiness.

I knew my doubts were unfounded. I saw that father, who had been so kind and gentle about the whole affair, could not possibly have played the cruel, elaborate joke on me that Goller had suggested. Goller's words were no more than teasing; and I had taken them seriously.

Continued from page 7

I clasped Whitey again, and he suddenly capered off round the orchard, shaking his head, bucking, kicking with his cream-colored hoofs first to one side, then to the other. Then he walked slowly back and began gently butting me in the middle.

"There you are," he seemed to say. "You need never take so much notice of Goller again."

During the next few days and weeks I enjoyed a good deal of Whitey's quiet and reassuring company. I came to know all his tricks and habits. I was always a little upset by the extreme loudness and the sudden onset of his brays, in which he seemed to be complaining that this noise should be his only tone of voice.

I was also a little unhappy at a strange rolling trick. I only saw him do it once or twice, and then it seemed to me almost as if he did it in pain.

Soon, feeling a little bored with merely watching him, I almost unthinkingly scrambled on his back, helping myself by grasping handfuls of his long fur. He took no notice of me at all, but went on grazing and walking.

I sat in a sort of hazy dream, feeling the warmth of his fur against my bare legs, and letting pictures and ideas flow through my mind. So we went slowly about the orchard. The next day we did the same thing again: and presently it grew into a fascinating game.

At first I merely wandered in thought, rather aimlessly, as we drifted round among the apple trees. Gradually, however, as day followed day, my imagination took shape.

AT last we began our journey by riding out of the orchard and away through fields and woods. Then we began to climb, and we climbed for a very long way, rising high above the trees and woods on to the bare slopes of a huge mountain. It was a long journey, and we had to stop for meals in the forest glades.

At night we camped in a place very high up, and very still. The short mountain grass, the little scattered clumps of bilberry and heath were solemn in the deep light and shade. But the wonder of the scene was when we looked back.

I still catch my breath at the memory. We seemed to see not so much a view, or a county, as half the world; with mountain ranges and cities and forests; with coastlines, and countries in the midst of oceans, and drifting cloudscapes.

We went on through high mountain passes, and at last came to a land where donkeys did not need to bray, because they talked.

They shared the land with human beings; people and donkeys lived in happiness together; but on the whole, I should say, the donkeys were the superior race, and those positions in which wisdom and gravity were especially needed were occupied by donkeys.

Not all the donkeys here were on the same level of development. There were a large number that I came to think of as the crowd donkeys, the ordinary donkey people.

These were all grey donkeys, such as you may see on our own fields or on the sands; but they had more graceful shapes, silkier coats shading off into fine silver-greys, or into blue-roans; and all had the deep, thoughtful eyes of the donkey race.

There were, of course, a number of other donkeys, among them the beautiful white furry ones, like my own Whitey. I found to my joy that he was a little prince among them; the white ones were all small and furry, and they added to the usual donkey calm a certain sprightliness and humor. These white donkeys were much loved.

Please turn to page 38

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101 uses —



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☆ Gentle on babies soft skin.

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In the handy dispenser carton from all Chemists and leading Department Stores

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GEORGE SAND . . .

Continued from page 18

FIERCE quarrels, partings, and reunions made their relationship a source of intense suffering to both. Musset was jealous to the point of insanity, and George expected so much of love that the reality profoundly disappointed her. No man ever measured up to her expectations.

She and Musset parted after a final period in which they set up an astonishing three-cornered household with Musset's doctor, in Venice. Musset's character was unable to sustain the breach and he went to the pack completely.

The next period of George's life was devoted to political interests and to the struggles of the people of Paris for freedom. Her novels at this time were the despair of her publisher, who had no time for theories, when fifty-thousand chambermaids were waiting to be entertained, as well as more exacting critics.

After a brief romantic interlude with Mallefille, her children's tutor, George embarked, very unwillingly, on the last really disturbing relationship of her life, her famous liaison with the composer Frederic Chopin. They had little in common; Frederic was passionately aristocratic, passionately religious, and music was his whole life.

But, again, he was weak, ill, young, and a genius and she took him, of course, under her capacious wing. In the early part of their seven years together, Chopin was happy and his music poured out of him, but towards the end family dissensions caused by the jealousy of George's son Maurice wrecked their relationship. They parted in 1847.

Chopin died of tuberculosis in 1849; and George, who did not hear of his death till later, was racked by remorse. Their story is told in her greatest novel, "Lucrezia Floriani."

George now felt herself growing old in spirit; her political friends were exiled after the revolution of '48; many she had loved were dead, including her mother.

She retired to Nohant, where she lived quietly for another quarter-century, beloved and respected where formerly she had been reviled as "Satanese." She still turned out novel after novel, and visited Paris occasionally.

Came the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and her Paris flat was wrecked by a shell. Back at Nohant, George Sand knew that the end was not far away; the cancer that killed her mother was with her, too. Towards the end of May, 1876, she left her novel "Albine" in the middle of a chapter; it was to remain unfinished. On the seventh of June she said good-bye to her children; her last words struggled to her lips: "Laissez la verdure . . ." "Let green things . . ."

She died next morning, and great men came to her funeral: Flaubert, the younger Dumas, Prince Jerome Napoleon. She was buried beneath a mound of flowers and laurel branches under the sweet-smelling earth of her beloved countryside. The green grass she had craved for soon covered her grave, symbol of common humanity whose cause she had so often served.

THERE are hundreds of books that deal with George Sand. Among the more recent biographies in English is "The Life of the Heart," by Frances Winwar. Of her novels, "Lucrezia Floriani," "Mauprat," "Consuelo," "La Mare au Diable" are commonly considered the best, and critics also rate her "Letters to Flaubert" extremely high.



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My White Donkey

Continued from page 36

I SPENT so much time, weeks together, half a childhood it seemed, in this land that I could describe it at great length: its meadows, forest walks and cascades, its white villages.

Father had bought Whitey during the early summer. Now the autumn passed into a damp, mild winter. Whitey remained in the orchard, living outside most of the time.

It was only when the wind and the rain came from a certain direction that he took shelter in his shed. We tried him in the stable for a few nights, but he made it quite clear to everybody that he preferred his field.

One morning, when Whitey and I were together in the orchard, father came carrying a bit and the red reins that had been described in the advertisement. I had never seen them before.

"I see you've more or less learned to ride Whitey by yourself," he said, "so I thought you'd like to have some reins."

"Oh, thanks," I said. "Thanks awfully."

I had never consciously realised until this moment that in the course of my imaginary wanderings with Whitey, I had in truth learnt to ride him.

Barebacked, and holding on to handfuls of fur, I had walked, trotted, and cantered about the orchard. I had learnt to sit his funny little bucks and prances, and when I had fallen off his back into the long grass he had always waited and, in fact, invited me to remount.

So now I rode Whitey outside the orchard. I rode out with the other horses; though I must say Whitey always went best in his own little field. When the hounds met on the green of our village, I even rode with the rest of the family to the meet. Father was delighted, but Goller was annoyed.

"Gosh!" he said to me that evening, "you looked absolutely frightful on that moke of yours. Gosh, I was ashamed of being your brother."

"I'd sooner be the sort of person that rides a donkey than the sort of person who's always boasting," I said.

"Little fool," he said. "No one who's any good at all ever rode on a donkey."

"Yes, they did," I said. "Our Lord rode on a donkey coming into Jerusalem."

For once Goller was completely floored, and the only answer he could find was: "That's just about the sort of thing you would say."

As a matter of fact, I was rather shocked by my own answer. I had meant the resemblance to apply to Whitey, rather than to myself.

I went out into the garden, and through to the orchard. Whitey was, I thought, looking a little unhappy. He was standing with his knees slightly bent, his head drooping. Then as I approached him he fell, or threw himself, on to his side and began one of his strange rolling bouts.

I watched, startled, and then suddenly frightened: because I realised this was not a game at all; it was a seizure, a fit of some kind. His eyes rolled up, his teeth were bared in a nightmare grin.

The rolling went on, and he kicked violently in the air. In a few minutes the fit passed and he lay on his side panting and looking limp. I sat down beside him, and after a while put his head on my lap.

"Whitey," I whispered. "Do you feel very ill? Have you got a pain?"

He gave a long sigh, opened his eyes, and presently began to breathe more normally, but still limply lay on his side.

I went to fetch father, and when we came back Whitey was standing up again, but he was not cropping. He looked droopy and dejected.

"I don't think it was a fit," said father. "I don't think donkeys have them. Perhaps he's been getting attacks of colic. I think we'd better ask the vet to come along."

"Colic? What's—" but I checked the words on my lips. I could not bring myself to ask how serious it was.

However, the vet could not come the next day. I was unhappy and I watched Whitey all the time. That afternoon while I was alone with him he became very quiet and listless. I knew well enough that another attack was coming on him; and I believe he knew it too.

When it seized him, it was of increased violence. First he trembled, as if a great hand had seized him. Then he fell on his side, and kicked spasmodically. His eyes rolled.



"Her boy friend's tall like Robert Sherwood, got a moustache like Hemingway, but he sounds like James Joyce." —

Then, as before, he rolled; he threw himself first to one side, then to the other: his cream-colored hoofs groped in the air, again and again.

The attack seemed to go on longer than I could endure; and before it was over, while these violent jerkings were still going on, he seemed to recover consciousness completely. He looked at me, and I saw clearly in his glance pain, fear, anxiety; yet with it a look of self-deprecation, of modest donkey apology, for the scene that was taking place.

Then he lay still and panting; terribly exhausted. I knelt down, and put his head on my knee. I hope he understood the meaning of my arm round his neck. As before, he breathed very deeply with a long sigh. Then all his limbs relaxed, and grew still. I saw that he was dead.

It was some time before the family came back. I scarcely know how the time passed until they came. I was thinking of his last look into my face.

Later, mother explained to me what colic was: but several days passed before father spoke to me about it again.

"I say, Michael, old man," he said, putting a hand on my shoulder one morning. "I am sorry about your poor old Whitey. We must find something else for you to ride. That's what we must do."

"I want to ride Demon," I said. "I'm sure I can ride Demon now. I'm never going to feel afraid of horses again."

"All right," said my father. "Good man. Come on, then: let's go and try right away."

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Seven-Year Hoodoo

MRS. O'BRIEN looked at me indignantly. "Do you want to know about this or don't you?" she asked. "The girl who sold him the cigarettes told him that she was getting through work in a half-hour. Mr. Montoya, always the gallant Latin gentleman, insisted upon driving her home. Turned out that her home was in some other State."

"And the year before last?"

"Some South American girl was catching the midnight train to New York. If Mr. Montoya didn't carry her bags to the station she would have to carry them herself. Naturally, Mr. Montoya carried her bags.

"The year before that some dame was having guests for dinner and she wanted to serve a Spanish dish of rice and chicken and fish that only Mr. Montoya could cook. Mr. Montoya cooked it and his own goose, too."

"But this year, I take it, things will be different."

"You're right," Mrs. O'Brien said grimly. "The deal we've made is that I am going to see to it personally that Mr. Montoya stays in his room and studies the night before the exams. And I am the one who can do it. Now you know why I moved him into the house. So I can keep my eye on him."

I started to ask another question, but just then my room-mate, Jerome Little, emerged from the front door. "Eating at the inn to-night?" he asked me.

"Be right with you," I said.

As Jerome sauntered down the porch steps and ambled towards the gate, I stood up and looked at Mrs. O'Brien.

"It's none of my business," I said, "But I hope Pedro is making this worth your while."

Mrs. O'Brien smiled. "He's a wealthy man," she said. "You have to be wealthy to spend seven years trying to get into Harvard."

Mrs. O'Brien gathered up her peas and her empty shells.

"As long as I've told you this much, I might as well tell you the rest of it," she said. "Mr. Montoya lent me the money to keep the furniture company from walking out of here with most of my furniture. If he passes those exams I'll owe him nothing and still be ahead on our deal. Sounds expensive, but he has a good reason for wanting to get into Harvard."

"He told me he can't go home until he does."

"That's only half of it," Mrs. O'Brien said. "He's engaged to a girl in Peru who is a millionairess. If he doesn't go back to Peru soon, she'll get tired of waiting. And he can't go back to Peru until he gets into Harvard."

"Girls are keeping him out of Harvard," I observed. "And a girl is making him waste the best years of his life trying to get into Harvard."

"Something like that," Mrs. O'Brien said. "That girl's money has a lot to do with it, too." She nodded at Mr. O'Brien who was approaching the front gate. "Here comes my lord and master. If I don't get the dinner on the table, he'll break all the dishes in the kitchen."

During the next few weeks, the Law School examinations made me forget about Pedro and Mrs. O'Brien. Then Jerome and I went to New London for the Harvard-Yale boat races.

While I was there I got a wire from Mrs. O'Brien. It had a closing line that I did not understand.

"TO-MORROW NIGHT IS THE BIG NIGHT. MAY NEED YOUR HELP. COME EARLY AND I WILL SAVE YOU A RINGSIDE SEAT."

I was still trying to work it out the next day. Then I remembered Pedro Montoya and realised that this was about the time of the month when six years ago I had sweated through my own entrance examinations.

Continued from page 11

My train was scheduled to arrive in Boston at five-thirty. I would get back just in time for the show.

Mrs. O'Brien was in the front hallway when I opened the door.

"On your way upstairs," she said, "stop on the second floor and give my protege a word of encouragement. He's eating his supper. I wouldn't take a chance on letting him go out to a restaurant, so I cooked it myself. What time is it?"

"About twenty past six," I said.

"At seven o'clock sharp, I am locking his door. I'm closing his windows, too."

"But it's a warm night," I said. "He'll suffocate."

"I can't help it. I'm not trusting him for a minute. One of those girls might yell up to his window and get him to listen to something silly."

Pedro was eating from a tray on his study table, with an open copy of a poetry anthology at his elbow. He waved to me cheerfully.

"This is the condemned man's last meal," he said. "To-morrow I make another attempt to become the oldest living Harvard freshman."

"You'll knock them dead," I said.

"I have been knocking them dead for seven years," Pedro said. "My tutor says I'll pass this time if I make a complete review of everything to-night. But I am not so good at English Literature. Can you tell me who wrote the poem about the village horseheer?"

"Longfellow."

"Tall or short, what was his name?"

I muttered a few wishes of good luck and beat a hasty retreat. I decided that Pedro was wasting his time trying to get into Harvard. He would have made a good living appearing on radio quiz shows.

I WENT out and had something to eat. When I came back, Mrs. O'Brien was occupying her station on the front porch. Her husband, a bald-headed and rather impatient man, was sitting in a remote corner of the porch with his pipe in his mouth, reading the evening paper.

"Doing guard duty?" I asked Mrs. O'Brien as I sat down.

She nodded.

"Anything doing yet?"

"A girl called up Mr. Montoya three times in the last hour."

"Do you know who the girl is?" I asked. "Or why she wants to see him?"

"She said it was very important, a matter of life or death," Mrs. O'Brien said. "I told her I'd heard that one before. I told her I wasn't born yesterday. She said to tell him Miss O'Reilly called. O'Reilly, mind you. Imagine one of my own kind causing me trouble on a thing like this!"

"Maybe it is important," I said. "He'll get no messages until after the examinations."

The telephone rang inside the house and Mrs. O'Brien rose to answer it. "Probably her again," she said.

When Mrs. O'Brien finally reappeared on the porch, I could tell from the way she sat down in her chair that there had been some fireworks.

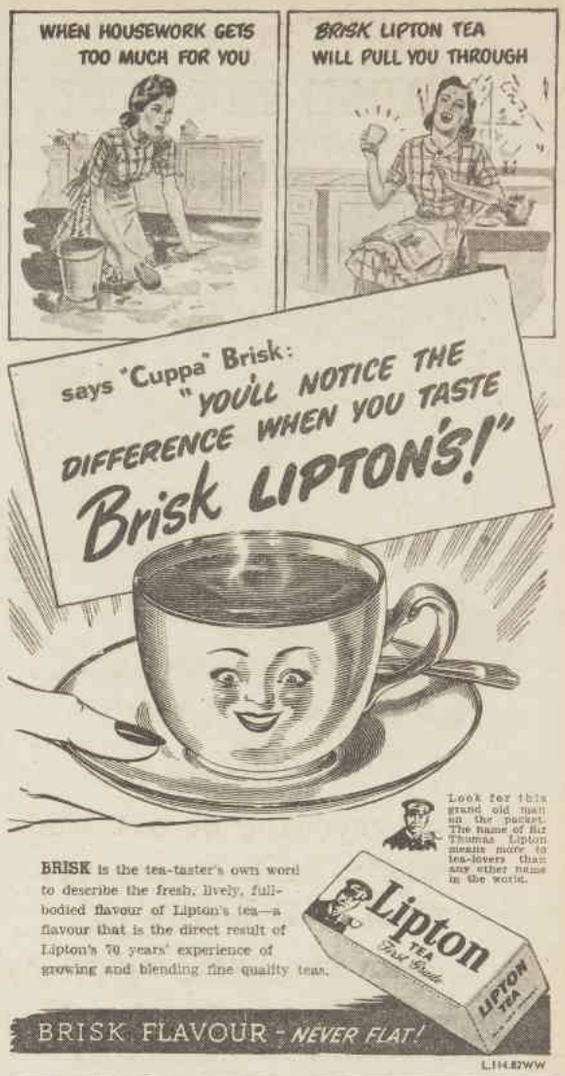
"We might have a visitor," she said. "She says I am holding Mr. Montoya a prisoner against his will and she is coming over here to set him free."

Mr. O'Brien gave up the pretence of reading his newspaper.

"Now you listen to me. If anybody starts anything, don't throw any punches unless they try to hit you first."

"Oh, shush!" Mrs. O'Brien said to him. "Look what's telling me to listen to him."

Please turn to page 40



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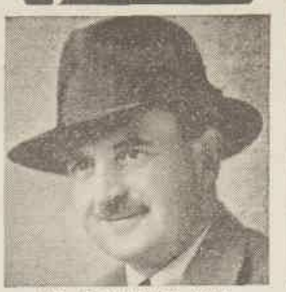
Interesting People



MRS. NEA WIMBUSH

. . . nursery murals

SPECIALISING in the decoration of nurseries, Nea Wimbush, of Sydney, favors murals of quiet, subdued colorings for rooms in which children will be resting, and brighter colors for playrooms. Her first big job was the painting of a mural for the playground of the Brisbane Kindercraft Civic Nursery at the City Hall. Later she was asked to do its other 15 walls. She used Australian birds and animals as subjects, painting them in their natural colorings. Before she married—she is the mother of two sons—she studied sculpture with Raynor Hoff.



MR. F. WARNER HILL

. . . dog judge

EMINENT English dog judge Mr. F. Warner Hill will fly to Australia to judge at the Royal Melbourne Diamond Jubilee Show in September. He has judged in Britain, U.S., Canada, Europe, and Ceylon, acted as all-round judge for the 1949 West of England Ladies' Show, the largest one-day show ever held, with 3957 individual dogs, and 9314 entries. A keen sportsman and dog-breeder as well as exhibitor and judge, Mr. Hill lives in Shaftsbury, England. Dog entries for the Jubilee Show are expected to exceed last year's record of 1776.



MRS. INA M. ALLAN

. . . one-woman fashion parades

CO-STARRED in a B.B.C. serial with Bernard Braden, male lead opposite Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire," New Zealander Mrs. Ina Allan has returned to Australia after 10 months in England. She travelled with the Oliviers throughout their New Zealand tour. She was the first woman to present a one-woman mannequin parade for the big figure in England, and lectured on the fashions she showed. She was engaged to do this by the West End store of Marshall and Snelgrove and has been approached to do similar parades in Melbourne.

Seven-Year Hoodoo

Continued from page 39

MR. O'BRIEN appealed to me. "She doesn't know her own strength," he said. "She'll swing at somebody and the whole thing will be in the newspapers."

"Keep your voice down," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Remember that Mr. Montoya is upstairs trying to study."

We waited less than ten minutes before a taxicab pulled up in front of the gate. Mrs. O'Brien remarked that the girl must have been near by when she telephoned and maybe she had been watching the house from behind a neighborhood tree.

We saw a girl jump out of the taxicab and slam the door hard behind her. Her high heels rapped quickly along the asphalt path to the porch steps, which she cleared in what seemed like one stride.

"Is this Mrs. O'Brien?" she demanded in a cool voice.

Mrs. O'Brien adopted an air of polite surprise. "Why, yes," she said innocently. "I'm Mrs. O'Brien. Can I do anything for you?"

The hallway light was on and I could see the girl very clearly. I remembered that Jerome and I had made wisecracks about pin-stripe suits and fawn-colored double-breasted vests and stiff collars that Pedro wore instead of the unpressed flannels and tweed sports-coat that were considered the correct uniform among our colleagues.

But now I decided to see a tailor the first thing in the morning about a pin-stripe suit.

The girl was not the type that my mother would have welcomed as a daughter-in-law. She was neat but also gaudy.

"I want to see Pedro Montoya," the girl said. "And I want to see him right now, this minute. Please produce him."

"Now, Miss O'Reilly, don't get excited," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Let's be ladylike. As I told you on the telephone, you can see him to-morrow afternoon. But not now."

Miss O'Reilly glared. "As I told you on the telephone," she said, "I'll see him now. Not to-morrow. Now."

"What's the hurry?" Mrs. O'Brien said. She pointed at me. "If you want somebody to carry your bags somewhere . . . if you need somebody to do some Spanish cooking, Mr. Robbins here will be glad to help you out, I'm sure."

Miss O'Reilly glanced at me and it was evident that I did not suit whatever she had in mind. "I do not know what you are talking about," she said. "Who is this man, anyway?"

"He's my lawyer," said Mrs. O'Brien calmly.

"Stand aside," Miss O'Reilly warned. "I am going upstairs to drag Pedro Montoya down here by the hair of his head."

"What makes you so sure he's upstairs or in this house at all?" Mrs. O'Brien said.

Miss O'Reilly pointed in the general direction of the second floor front. "I saw those lights burning up there," she said.

"Oh, that room," Mrs. O'Brien said. "My heaven's sake alive, a friend of Mr. Robbins lives in that room. He does most of his work at night. What sort of work does he do, Mr. Robbins?"

I GROPED for words. "Oh, I guess you would just call it nightwork," I said. "At least he does it mostly at night."

"How interesting," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Practically everyone else I know works in the daytime."

"Listen," Miss O'Reilly said. "I don't care when his friend works. I'm going to search this house until I find Pedro Montoya."

I held up my hand. "As the attorney for the owner of this house, I must warn you that you will be breaking the law if you attempt to search these premises without a warrant," I announced. "You will have to get permission first from the civil authorities."

I was impressed with myself. For a lawyer who had been admitted to no bar yet except the Ritz Bar and the like, I felt I was doing pretty well.

She turned on her high heels and stamped off to the taxicab, which was still waiting.

Mr. O'Brien groaned. "A big help you've been," he said to me. "Now you've got the cops after us."

"Mr. Robbins, pay no attention to this squash-headed husband of mine," Mrs. O'Brien said. "You did the right thing. But what do you think ought to be our next move?"

"If you ask me," Mr. O'Brien said, "we ought to get that silly Montoola or Mazoola, or whatever his name is, out of this house before the cops come. Otherwise he won't be able to take those examinations to-morrow because he and you and me and your legal-minded friend here will all be in gaol."

"Maybe you're right," I said. "If we had an automobile—"

Mrs. O'Brien shook her head. "Nothing doing," she said. "Nobody is disturbing Mr. Montoya to-night."

"How about moving him to some place in the house where they won't find him?" Mr. O'Brien said.

"You men are all alike," Mrs. O'Brien said. "You talk big until the pressure is on. Then you go to pieces."

In what seemed like no time at all, the taxicab parked again outside the front gate. This time a police radio car parked behind it.

Miss O'Reilly stepped out of the taxi and waited until two large policemen fell in on either side of her. Then the three of them marched to the front porch. One of the policemen addressed Mrs. O'Brien.

"Lady," he said. "What do you mean by frightening and threatening this poor, defenceless, innocent girl and keeping her separated by force from a man who wants to see her about a very important personal affair? Don't you realise that kidnapping somebody and holding them prisoner is a federal offence and you can get life or even the chair for it?"

It was then that Mrs. O'Brien delivered her master stroke.

"Hello, Jimmy," she said to the policeman. "Is your mother feeling any better?"

The policeman leaned over and peered through the semi-darness of the porch at Mrs. O'Brien's smiling face.

"Is that you, Mrs. O'Brien?" he said. "I knew you lived somewhere around here but I wasn't sure where. Ah. As I was saying, I hope this woman hasn't been causing you any trouble."

"Why, what do you—" Miss O'Reilly sputtered.

Please turn to page 41

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RUSTY BUCKLEY of Pitt Street, Sydney, is only 5 years old, but he has been playing the trombone for one year and the cornet for 2 years. Rusty's mother has given him Vegemite since he was six months old. "Rusty loves Vegemite", she says, "and I'm sure it's helped to make him the healthy youngster he is today". Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B_1 than other similar extracts, and it contains no starch. Vegemite is tastier too, and more economical.

12 YG3

Seven-Year Hoodoo

THE policeman turned on her. "One at a time," he commanded sternly. "We'll hear what Mrs. O'Brien here has to say first."

"I don't think you know the full facts of the case, Jimmy," Mrs. O'Brien said. "And I'd rather not discuss them in front of a stranger. Would you mind stepping in for a minute?"

Miss O'Reilly tried again to object but she was told that she could be hauled into the clink for obstructing an officer in his line of duty.

"Watch that girl, Ed," the policeman said to his partner as he and Mrs. O'Brien closed the front door behind them.

None of us said a word until the policeman reappeared on the porch, with Mrs. O'Brien following him happily. He spoke to Miss O'Reilly.

"I've investigated and found that your charges are false. This man you've been trying to see, Mr. Monterra or Moytana—"

"Montoya," Mrs. O'Brien prompted.

"Mr. Montoya. I just talked with him and he says he is not being held here against his will. He says he does not want to talk to you. So that's that."

Miss O'Reilly held up her head proudly. "I'll go," she said. "If that's his attitude, I don't want to see him."

She turned to Mrs. O'Brien and held out her hand.

"Thank you very much for showing up that worm in his true colors," she said. "I'm sorry to have caused so much trouble. Can you do me a favor? Let me have a piece of paper and an envelope. I want to leave a note for him."

She went inside and wrote the note and sealed it in an envelope, which she left with Mrs. O'Brien. As she departed with the two policemen, she seemed exceptionally cheerful.

Mr. O'Brien said to his wife, "And what did your friend upstairs have to say when you walked into his room with that cop? Did he think he was getting arrested?"

"Sometimes I think you have no brains at all," she said. "I told you I wouldn't disturb Mr. Montoya tonight. And I didn't."

I said, "You mean Pedro didn't tell the policeman that he didn't want to see Miss O'Reilly?"

"Of course not," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Jimmy and I made that one up because we felt it was the only way we'd get rid of the girl. Well, Jimmy didn't make it up. I did. I told Jimmy that this girl was harmless but she had an idea that Mr. Montoya wanted to buy the Statue of Liberty and take it back to Peru. That's all I told him."

"Wasn't that enough?" Mr. O'Brien said.

"So Pedro doesn't even know that Miss O'Reilly was here?"

"No, he doesn't," Mrs. O'Brien said. "I was afraid he'd hear her voice a few times when we were all shouting."

"I know why he didn't hear anything," Mr. O'Brien said, nudging me. "I'll bet that fellow has been sound asleep up in that room since seven-thirty."

I was sitting on the front porch with Mrs. O'Brien the next afternoon when Pedro dragged himself limply home from the college entrance examinations. Plainly, he was getting a little too old for that kind of harrowing ordeal.

"This time," he said, "I think I passed. At least I answered all the questions and I have not been able to do that in the past five years."

"Congratulations," Mrs. O'Brien said.

She had been holding Miss O'Reilly's envelope in her lap and she handed it to him. "A friend of yours dropped in here last night and left this for you. Rather a nice-looking girl. She had a couple of men with her."

Continued from page 40

Pedro summoned up the effort to tear open the envelope and glanced languidly at the note inside. Then he sat up in his chair and read the note again with his eyes bulging.

"Carmelita!" he muttered. "My Carmelita, she is gone! And all that money is gone, too!"

"What are you saying?" Mrs. O'Brien asked.

"My fiancee from Peru. She has left me. She has run away to marry a leader of an orchestra named Frank Dixieland Haselbrucker."

"Your fiancee from Peru?" Mrs. O'Brien said. "Are you sure? This girl said her name was O'Reilly."

Pedro explained, "That's right. Her name is Carmelita O'Reilly. Many of our oldest families in Peru have Irish names. You know how the Irishmen will go anywhere to get into a fight? There were a lot of revolutions in our country fifty and a hundred years ago. So naturally the Irishmen came there in droves."

"I never suspected she was that girl in Peru," Mrs. O'Brien said. "What was she doing here?"

"She was studying last year at a New York college, and she fell for this Frank Dixieland Haselbrucker. But she did not feel free to marry him because her family had arranged an engagement with my father for me and her to become married. So she came here last night to see if I still wanted to marry her. While she was here, from all I can make out from this note, she decided to marry Frank Dixieland Haselbrucker instead. I wonder why?"

"Too bad," I said.

"I do not mind losing Carmelita. When we were children, she was always kicking me and tripping me when nobody was looking. But I hate the thought of all her money going to Frank Dixieland Haselbrucker instead of to me . . ."

'ACTUALLY I did not get the end of the Pedro Montoya story until I returned after vacation for the reopening of the Law School.

"Yes, he passed," Mrs. O'Brien told me while I was unpacking my trunk.

"And now he's finally a Harvard freshman."

"Oh, no. He never bothered entering college."

"Wait a minute," I said, straightening up from the trunk. "What are you giving me? He spends seven years trying to pass the entrance examinations for Harvard. No, it's eight now. And then, when he passes them, he doesn't go to Harvard?"

"But I told you the reason he wanted to go to Harvard was so that he could go back to Peru and marry into Carmelita O'Reilly's millions. Without her millions, he has no reason to go back to Peru."

"What is he going to do?"

"He's going to marry that girl who sold him the packet of cigarettes last year," Mrs. O'Brien said. "And he is thinking of settling down here and starting a tutoring school of his own. He says nobody else can equal the experience he has had in that field."

I looked at her. "Doesn't your conscience bother you? After driving away Miss O'Reilly and her millions?"

"What do you mean?" Mrs. O'Brien said. "I got him through the exams, didn't I? That's all I was supposed to do. By the way, I hate to ask you this on your first day here before you've even had a chance to unpack your trunk. But could you lend me a little something? The old man will be coming home for his supper in a half hour and I haven't got a bit of meat in the house."

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★★★ *Kind Hearts and Coronets*

ALL praise is due to Michael Balcon and Ealing Studios for this subtle and witty comedy dealing with mass-murder in the Victorian manner.

The topic may not be everybody's cup of tea, but sophisticated treatment and polished acting make it one of the slickest satires to be turned out by a British studio.

The story concerns an umpteen-times removed sprig of the noble house of d'Ascoyne, who disposes of all obstacles to his succession to the Dukedom of Chalfont by skilfully murdering six of his relatives. Two others and an odd baby die naturally.

All this homicide is on account of the sprig's deceased mother, who is shown as rashly marrying a handsome but penniless Italian singer and incurring the wrath of her high-born relatives so that she is ostracised forever. The son regards their refusal to permit her burial in the ancestral plot as the final slight.

Louis Mazzini is the impoverished boy of impeccable background and bearing who works his way up to the Dukedom by thus smartly lopping branches from the family tree.

The story opens in the condemned cell, with Louis, having been declared guilty of murder by his peers, writing his confession and awaiting the executioner, so the tale is told largely in narrative form.

In this sequence, Miles Malleson contributes a magnificent bit as the hangman who looks forward to having a duke as a client.

Along the way, Louis, played faultlessly by Dennis Price, falls in love with Sibella, the flighty daughter of a suburban doctor, but marries a wealthy and lovely wife of a despatched d'Ascoyne. Joan Greenwood is affected but effective as the former, and Valerie Hobson is excellent in the latter role.

But the greatest individual acting triumph is that of Alec Guinness, who plays all the d'Ascoyne family in turn, from the Duke himself down to Aunt Agatha, and makes each one a perfect cameo.

There is all this and a surprise ending, too.

In Sydney — the Embassy.

★★ *Prince of Foxes*

THE spectacular Fox production, "Prince of Foxes," reveals the evil deeds of Cesare Borgia, when he embarked on the conquest of the Italian provinces in order to make himself dictator of Italy.

Photographed in Italy at the actual scenes of incidents in the Samuel Shellabarger novel, the beautiful 16th century backgrounds and magnificent panoramas must be seen to be believed.

Inflamed with the idea of an empire extending across Italy to Venice, Cesare Borgia (Orson Welles) empowers ambitious Orsini (Tyrone Power) to act as his ambassador.

Cold war (16th century version), followed by assassination, kidnapping, infiltration, and armed assault, succeeds, until Ambassador Orsini, who has disguised himself as an artist, runs up against the rulers of a peaceful province, Varano (Felix Aylmer) and his wispy young wife, Camilla (Wanda Hendrix).

Orsini, who is accompanied by a wily rascal, Everett Sloane, is shown the error of his ways by Camilla, double-crosses Borgia, and thereafter finds life extremely unhealthy, until the people rise against the ruthless Cesare.

As Cesare, Orson Welles has a field day. Overacting with relish, he alternately struts, glowers, and postures to the point of burlesque, meanwhile clipping his words with the snap of a repeating rifle.

In Sydney — the Regent.

★★ *The File on Thelma Jordon*

MURDER is given a diverting twist in this sometimes confusing suspense-melodrama which takes it outside the conventional thriller class.

Produced by Hal Wallis and directed by tension expert Robert Siodmak, the film is dominated throughout by Barbara Stanwyck as neurotic Thelma Jordon and Wendell Corey in the role of assistant D.A. Cleve Marshall, who is engulfed in a love affair with the demanding Thelma, and eventually a murder trial, which he manages to lose because he believes her innocent.

Very good character studies come from these two. Stanwyck expresses the toughness of character inherent in Thelma, while Corey is sincere as the man who loves his naive wife, but has a chip on his shoulder about family affairs.

Though this film falls down in some respects, it holds the audience interest once the plot begins to take shape. Clever camera work and first-rate support deserve praise.

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

★ *Johnny Allegro*

RELEASED by Columbia, this is an improbable gangster melodrama about the attempts of a foreign power to flood America with counterfeit currency and so disrupt the national economy.

Deadpan George Raft, as ex-gangster Johnny Roc but more recently Pacific paratroop hero Johnny Allegro, is attending to his florist business when the Treasury Department lets it be understood that they require his services on a dangerous mission, as an earnest of his honest intentions.

A cop-killing is framed, and Johnny flees with Nina Foch to the remote Florida coast island where her scar-faced husband (George Macready) operates the counterfeit ring, until the authorities move in on the gang.

In Sydney — the Plaza.

★ *The Girl from Jones Beach*

A TEPID comedy trimmed with pin-up girls, Warners' "The Girl from Jones Beach" is a pleasant enough affair, with Ronald Reagan, Virginia Mayo, Eddie Bracken, and Donna Drake dispensing cheer and glamor.

Reagan is the casually relaxed creator of a composite beauty labelled "The Randolph Girl." That she is really twelve girls sketched into one and obviously cannot accept a rich television contract is responsible for the continuous despondency of comedian-promoter Eddie Bracken, even after the perfect double, Virginia Mayo, is spotted on the sands of Jones Beach.

The lady proves to be a blue-stocking schoolteacher with a leaning towards poetry rather than publicity, until a series of screwball happenings alters all that.

As an alleged intellectual, Virginia Mayo fills a bathing-suit perfectly.

In Sydney — the Mayfair.

★ *The Red Danube*

THIS Hollywood tilt at Communism misses the mark through no fault of the prestige cast that M.G.M. have put into it.

Pale pink would better describe the drama, which has a British background and deals with the repatriation of displaced persons to their countries of origin.

Occasionally poignant, it is a pity that, for the most part, the story is implausible and rambling.

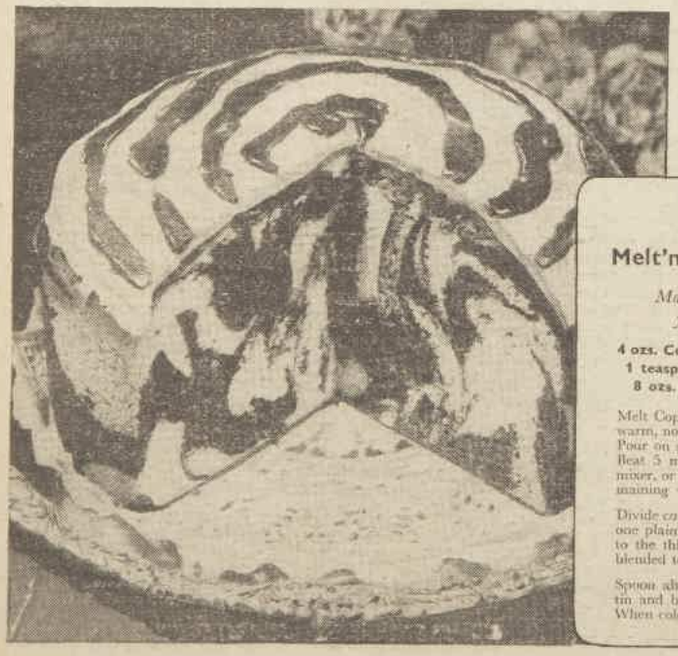
Walter Pidgeon is shown as Colonel Nicobar, a soldier in the highest tradition, who comes to recognise the inhumanity of forced repatriations when his assistant, Peter Lawford, falls in love with an enchanting ballerina, Janet Leigh, who is a victim of the system.

Veteran Ethel Barrymore turns in her usual top-flight performance as the compassionate Mother Superior, but Angela Lansbury drops out by the wayside.

Ironically, the shrewdest piece of cinema is provided by Louis Calhern, as the Russian Commandant.

In Sydney — the St. James.

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Divide completed mixture into 3 equal parts. Leave one plain, colour the second a delicate pink, and to the third add rounded tablespoonful of cocoa blended to a paste with hot water.

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FUNNYMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. When FRANK CONWAY partly regains his memory, lost five years before, he returns to find his wife about to marry his general manager, JACK PRENTICE. He and Larry are trying to solve what happened. They listen to Prentice and JIM TAYLOR, Conway's accountant.



As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): You can make this a good money week if you get busy before the week-end, especially on May 3 and 4. Your least prosperous days are May 6 and 8, when you will need to use a little caution.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Courage, enterprise, and perseverance can be used to advantage this week. A good solid background helps most of your efforts, with your only really adverse day next Monday.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A good week to lay foundations and consolidate past gains. Your most progressive days are from May 3 to 5. During the week-end relax, read that interesting book, catch up with correspondence.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Friends, both old and new, can prove most reliable and helpful this week, while business relationships could result in mutual gain. Guard against impulse or loss on May 8.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A week to make splendid progress with your career and business projects. Extra responsibility is sure to occur, but will be well worth the time involved. May 6 and 8 are days that will need careful handling.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): You should have opportunities this week to mould your future on a much firmer and more solid basis than formerly. Concentrate on May 3 and 4 for best results, or where permanency is required.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A good week for finance, investments, securities and shares, or benefits from the goodwill of others. Some may gain through a will, but all Librans must guard against impulse or sudden loss on May 8.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Your interests are best served by co-operating with others this week. Personal ties and partners prove more helpful than usual. Grasp all opportunities before the week-end.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Your work and business interests promise some recognition this week, with the possibility of more profit for business deals, and for many a rise for work well done. Don't take risks early next week.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): You have three excellent days from May 3, especially where your social or love life is concerned. Watch carefully that no hitch is allowed to interfere with your plans next Monday.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A rather fortunate week for home, family, and all matters relating to land, property, or long-term investments, although a tendency towards sudden change or upsets could mar May 8 and 9.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A progressive week for writings, contracts, agreements, business interviews, and meeting others generally. You tend to be more patient and persevering than usual. All days good except May 6 and 8.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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29

Ava Gardner in London

Acting, not glamor, star's main interest

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

One bright day recently a willowy brunette emerged at London airport from the streamlined stratocruiser that had whisked her across the Atlantic from New York. It was film actress Ava Gardner, travel-weary, but happy.

FOR Ava had finally arrived—not only on the London scene, but in these days when Hollywood is sending its topmost stars to the four corners of the earth to make pictures—at real star status.

Glamorous Miss Gardner arrived in London with a dozen suits of blue silk pyjamas in her baggage, her eldest sister Beatrice as company, and wearing a gold anklet under her nylons inscribed AVA.

At Claridge's a covey of tired old newspapermen, who, over long years, had cultivated a sniffy sort of immunity to even the most elegant exports from Hollywood, staggered over one another and did a double take as Miss Gardner swept into the reception hall.

Ava Gardner is over here to co-star with James Mason in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman."

As she has been voted the world's loveliest shape, it is pertinent to ask how she keeps these contours, and if she ever dares to swallow a chocolate eclair for fear this precious title might be whisked away by some other lovely.

"The Shape," "Venus," or "The Love Goddess," to give her just some of her titles, doesn't have to give a hoot about her diet, and never has.

It took Ava 25 hours' sleep to recover from her flight to London and declare herself ready to meet anyone in Britain.

Before that, to anyone who knocked on her hotel door and pleaded through the keyhole for an interview, she wailed that she looked too terrible to be seen.

Anybody who had got on the other side of that door would have been privy to a charming domestic scene; Ava, her hair up and clad in a kimono, bent over the ironing board. At what? Why, her blue pyjamas. And this in Claridge's.

In her trunk and six cases there is not a nightie. Nor is there more than a coupe of evening dresses. "I haven't brought many," she tells me, "because I am not a night-clubbing girl." These dresses will last her for the six months she is to stay and work in England.

Ava is reported to have had to visit a psychiatrist to cure an inferiority complex after her divorce from band-leader Artie Shaw, who is something of an intellectual. Artie complained Ava didn't know who Plato was. And then he caught her reading "Forever Amber," which really did it.

If this is so, Ava's first appearance before the Press in London was a tribute to what psychiatry can do.

She was poise itself, walking into the ballroom with an undulating stride, trim as a tulip, in a tailored herringbone suit, her red-brown hair curling down below her shoulders.

Nonchalant and provocative and sweetly smiling by turns, she dealt for two hours with questions as outrageous as these:

"Why don't you like black nighties?"

"Is Frankie Sinatra coming over to see you?"

"Did he give you that anklet?"

"Is his name on the other side?"

"An old family friend gave it—who?"

Apart from a light cyclamen smile she wore no make-up and let her skin, tawny from the Californian sun, shine without the benefit of powder. Only Joan Crawford has charmed the conservative English with such a natural understanding of her looks and such a bold neglect of cosmetics.

In between times she chewed gum, in a ladylike way, surveying the milling Press calmly, and said things like:

"I know stars from Hollywood are always quoted as saying a lot of darned silly things. But just think of the darned silly questions they are asked."



STRIKINGLY WESTERN is the striped evening gown worn by Ava Gardner at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, London, when she attended the first night of Uday Shankar and his Indian Ballet.



AVA GARDNER, wearing a full-length sable coat over a grey tailored suit, and with a veiled off-the-face black hat, photographed with her sister, Beatrice, on arrival at London airport from New York. She is making a film with James Mason.

One of the boys from Fleet Street, apparently anxious to confirm this observation, asked her, "Shall we call you The Body or The Shape?"

Said Ava, sweetly: "As you please. Perhaps, some day, you may call me The Actress. I am an actress, you know."

But to-day Ava Gardner is a victim of her own studio's publicity. She started off by bagging all the cutest slogan-titles, and put in a solid eight years posing for leg-art stills. She appeared as fatal floosies in second-feature films. But she was on her way. During those years, since she divorced Mickey Rooney and thus ended her first venture into matrimony, it came to her ears that he had summed her up thus scornfully as "just a minor kid with ambitions."

"There'll come a time," she said tartly, to her friends, "when that little man will simply be known as Ava Gardner's first husband."

And despite the handicaps of all that near-nude publicity and all that mis-direction into exclusively glamor-girl film work, she climbed towards that vague disturbed recognition by the critics which is usually summed up in astonished phrases like:

"I say, she can ACT, too!" This was never expected of her.

Now Ava Gardner has a seven-year contract in her pocket, roughly a quarter of a million dollars in the bank, and the privilege—thanks to her appearances opposite Lancaster, Gable, Peck, and Mason — of picking any part she likes.

So that when anybody shows too lively a memory of all those early years in films, and she is forced to do a bit more living it down by stout remarks like, "I AM an ACTRESS, you know," you cannot be blamed for taking another look at those sly green eyes, the charming but cheeky smile, and saying, just as you might applaud a champ, "Attagirl!" And meaning it.

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1 FRIENDS Andy Clark (Victor Mature) and English Eddie (Reginald Gardiner) meet outside rowdy saloon on Wabash Avenue.



2 THREATENED with ejection by ex-partner Mike Stanley (Phil Harris), Andy claims that he owns half saloon on dishonest card deal. He angers singer Ruby Summers (Betty Grable) by describing her costume as "cheap honky tonk."



3 HELPED by girl-friends, Andy and English Eddie whip crowd of angry civic reformers into such a fury when they leave premises that they swarm into establishment and wreck it. Mike knocks out several in melee that follows.



4 UNCONSCIOUS inebriate Hogan (James Barton) is sent off with captain of freighter while Eddie spreads word that he died from Mike's blow.

TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL



5 HEATED exchanges occur between Ruby and Andy, now partners in Mike's Midway Casino as reward for forgetting past.

Wabash Avenue

IN "Wabash Avenue," 20th Century-Fox returns Betty Grable to its tried-and-true formula of plus production numbers, nostalgic songs, and pretty tights.

The film gives a technicolor glimpse of Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1892, and the studio built 87 sets, including a replica of the World's Fair Midway, several blocks of Chicago's Wabash Avenue of the era, and New York's historic Victoria Theatre.

Directed by Henry Koster, this picture gives bandleader Phil Harris, the hard-drinking "Hi, Jackson" of Jack Benny's thirteen-year-old radio show, his first straight role.



6 STAGE and dress craft taught by Andy pay off when Ruby finds herself the hit of the World's Fair.



7 PROPOSAL from Andy is accepted until Ruby learns he supposedly blocked stage offer from Oscar Hammerstein. They part when Hogan turns up, and Mike ends partnership. Ruby achieves stardom in New York show.



8 BACKSTAGE call by Andy, who has opened music hall, brings couple together, and when Mike says he hired actor to pose as agent, all is forgiven.

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royal, black.

Make sure you get the genuine Knight Slipper. Look for the name "Knight" on both the inside and outside sole.



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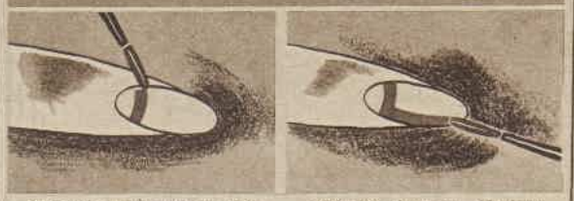


Wendy poses in her favourite Bond's "Underlovelies." And Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies" are favourite with Wendy's Mummy, too, because they're tailored in long wearing locknit rayon and swami—fabrics that stay pretty and smooth-fitting washing after washing.

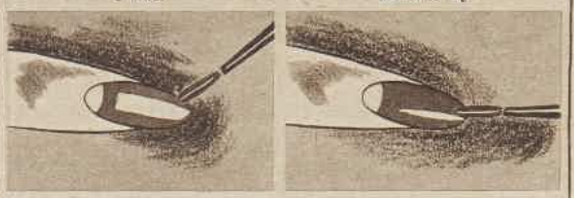
That Tru-Size label you find on all Bond's underwear is your guarantee of fit. It means that every garment is true-to-size.

Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies" for Children

Colorful fingertips

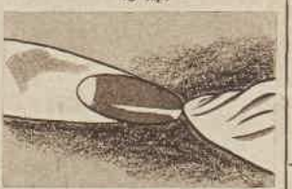


OUTLINE moon with a single stroke. *STROKE along one side from moon to tip.*



DEFINE opposite side in same way. *FILL in nail-centre from moon to tip.*

● Spare the hand-lotion and spoil your nylons is a commonsense warning, for when hands are rough you can snag a fine new stocking quicker than you can say darn.



COVER thumbnail with tissue to wipe tips free of polish.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

TO keep hands velvety smooth, rub in lots of lotion or cream both before and after subjecting them to water that is very hot or very cold, and especially in colder weather.

There are many excellent preparations with which to do this job, or you can make your own, if you care to, by mixing equal parts of glycerine, lemon juice, and rose-water, adding a dash of eau-de-cologne for nose appeal. Bottle and shake well before using.

Medium-length fingernails are currently more popular than those which extend more than a quarter of an inch beyond the cushion of the fingers.

Numbers of people will welcome the shelving of mandarin-style fingernails, for not too many, particularly of the masculine gender, were ever keen about this ultra fashion.

Elongated nails are especially unattractive when one or two break off, giving the fingers involved a dwarfed appearance. Shorter, neater nails will be welcome for their practicality, easier grooming, and generally attractive look.

A sheath of color on the fingertips is a pretty hand accent, but it is no good trying to achieve a professional color-finish with the sticky dregs of varnish from an old bottle.

Liquid nail polish is an infinitely refined lacquer. It must flow freely, and takes best on a clean, dry, smooth surface which helps it to set.

Nail coating comes after the routine steps of removing old polish, shaping, attending to cuticles, and cleaning under the eaves, and perhaps brushing on a colorless nailbase to prevent early chipping.

It is a rewarding trick to wipe the nails over with polish-remover after the manicure and before either nailbase or color is applied.

This will take up any moisture which makes varnish look a milky white, or oil film which may prevent lacquer from adhering well.

Popular shades of nail polish vary with the season's assortment of colors, and three good points to remember are—choose a tint to flatter the hand complexion, while keeping an eye on your lipstick and costume colors.

Dark and medium shades of lacquer call attention to the hands, so are best suited to long, shapely hands.

At the same time, intense shades make the skin of the hands look whiter by contrast, just as dark lipstick makes teeth appear more white.

Light and transparent lacquer shades flatter short, stubby fingers by giving an illusion of length.

Pastel-tinted nails look best with moons and tips showing.

The set of illustrations at the top of the page show the five steps involved in applying varnish to the fingernails, leaving both moons and tips. Where covered nails are desired, and beginners usually find this easier than attempting the former, the first stroke is to outline the nail base around the cuticle.

● Resting the hand and the arm, to the elbow, on a steady surface, apply liquid polish to one nail at a time, dipping the brush into the bottle for each nail, so as to have a uniform quantity of polish on the brush for each nail. This is particularly important in applying dark shades, for a variation in the amount you use on different nails will make them look a different color.

In general, better results are obtained by being sparing with polish, though a too-thin coat will show brush marks and streaks.

Drain the brush on the mouth of the bottle each time, leaving just enough polish on it to give two or three quick, even strokes down the length of the nail, and let the lacquer then flow together into one smooth coat.

● Cover the pointed end of an orangewood stick with cottonwool, and dip in polish remover to whisk off any polish which overlaps the cuticle or grooves on the nail sides.

● If you like the depth of color and the longer wear of a double coat of polish, let the first one dry completely before adding the next. And let both coats dry for two or three hours before using a cuticle oil or cream to give that final softening touch to the cuticle and hand skin.

When liquid polish peels from fingernails, it may be because of a too-thick application. A very heavy coating of polish occasionally buckles as it dries and lifts away from the nail at the edges. Or it may have been put on unevenly.

● Keeping lacquer brushes scissor-trimmed to a straight, clean edge is yet another small point in achieving smooth, colorful fingertips.

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C.13.5



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O.110 WW 6/9

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Fashion

FROCKS FEATURE

● *Postage includes registration fee if article costs more than 6/11.*



"CLARE" AND "PENELOPE"

Attractive mother and daughter nightgowns styled for winter. The material is British striped flannelette in soft pastel shades of pale blue on white, pale pink and blue on white, and pale pink on white.

"Clare"—Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 33/3. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 22/-. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"Penelope"—Ready To Wear: Sizes 2 years, length 29in., 14/3, postage 1/3 extra; 3 years, length 31in., 15/11, postage 1/3 extra; 4 years, length 33in., 16/9, postage 1/6 extra; 5 to 6 years, length 37in., 17/6, postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 2 years, length 29in., 7/3, postage 1/3 extra; 3 years, length 31in., 8/3, postage 1/3 extra; 4 years, length 33in., price 8/11, postage 1/6 extra; 5 to 6 years, length 37in., price 9/9, postage 1/6 extra.

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Father and son pyjamas, made in striped British flannelette. Colors obtainable include beige, pink, and white; blue, beige, and white; and grey, blue, and white.

"Bob" — Ready To Wear: Sizes, small men's and men's, price 34/11; size O.S., price 36/9. Postage, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, small men's and men's, 22/3; size O.S., 24/6. Postage, 2/9 extra.

"Robert" — Ready To Wear: Sizes, 4 years, length 31in., price 19/3. Postage, 1/6 extra. 6 years, length 37in., price 19/11. Postage, 1/6 extra. 8 years, length 41in., price 21/3. Postage, 1/9 extra; 10 years, length 45in., price 24/6. Postage, 1/11 extra.

Cut Out Only: Size 4 years, length 13in., price 10/11. Postage, 1/6 extra. Size 6 years, length 37in., price 11/9. Postage, 1/6 extra. Size 8 years, length 41in., price 12/3. Postage, 1/9 extra. Size 10 years, length 48in., price 13/11. Postage, 1/11 extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



331



333

No. 331—FROCK

Smart frock, trimmed with white pique and cut out ready to make in check gingham in navy and white, red and white, saxe-blue and white, and green and white. Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 34/11. Postage, 2/- extra. 36 and 38in. bust, 36/9. Postage, 2/9 extra.

No. 332—LAUNDRY BAG

Traced ready to embroider on British headcloth, this useful bag is available in blue, pink, white, yellow, beige, or green. Size 17in. x 24in., 4/6. Postage, 6½d.



332

No. 333—DUCHESSE SET

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334

No. 334—CHILD'S PYJAMAS

These pyjamas styled for little boy or girl, in cream flannelette and cut out ready to make. Size 25in., 1 year, 6/3, postage 3½d; 28in., 2 years, 6/11, postage 6½d.; 31in., 3 years, 7/6, postage 1/3; 33in., 4 years, 8/3, postage 1/6.

No. 335—APRON

Waist-tie apron in pretty floral-bordered seersucker on lemon ground with blue and rose flowers, and cut out ready to make. Price, 6/11. Postage, 6½d.



335

336

No. 336—SHOULDER APRON

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● *TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 58.*

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Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

FASHION NOTE: Tucking lifts everyday basic wool dresses out of the ordinary class and gives them chic.

I think it answers the problem set by the writer of the letter published below.

A good wool frock

"NOT what one might call slender or very smart, I do try to have one decent garment in my wardrobe. My present problem is a woollen dress for winter. I would be very grateful if you would design and illustrate one that would be suitable."

The design for your dress is illustrated. The silhouette of the dress has slenderising lines; note the flattering V-tucked neck and notched tier-tucks for the slim-cut skirt.

Going-away dress

"NAVY-BLUE is one of my favorite colors, and I see that it is still smart this season. I would like it for my 'going away' dress, and would appreciate suggestions from you as to the design."

I suggest a cape-collared jacket-dress in navy wool, the jacket to cover a one-piece dress with lowish neckline and slim skirt, or skirt with all-round pleats. Blonde would be a pretty accessory color to carry through on to gloves, which, by the way, are getting longer.

Suit for trousseau

"COULD you help me with some advice? I am being married late in August of this year, and want to include in my trousseau an early spring suit. Would like to know if long or short jackets will be worn then, and your suggestion for color."

Pointers for next spring are shorter jackets and checks combined with solid colors. You could have a red-and-white checked jacket, fitted and belted, with navy skirt and navy accessories.

Jersey jumper suit

"DO you think wool jersey would be suitable for a jumper suit? If so, how would it best be made up, please?"

Yes, I think jersey would be most suitable. Have the jumper-top hip-length, moulded, and waist defining, finished with a plunging neckline and a sailor collar that can be worn high-standing or flat. The sleeves would be below elbow and cut magyar style. As wool jersey is rather soft, I advise you to have the skirt made with all-round knife-pleats.

Cocktail blouse

"LOW-CUT necklines do not suit me, nor do I like long sleeves, so I am in a quandary about a blouse to wear for cocktail parties. It is to go with a black floor-length skirt."

A blouse with bishop sleeves (cuffed), finished at the throat with a large bow, would be an excellent design for late day wear. The material could be satin, lame, or taffeta. For a color I suggest apricot, orange, or any gold toning. All are new, and all look chic with black.



TUCKING adds distinction to this tailored wool frock.

Average figure

"AVERAGE figures like mine seem to be overlooked in many of the present styles. Are any simple designs fashionable? I make my own clothes, and must start on a winter dress soon."

I do agree that present fashions tend to cater for sophisticates rather than for the average girl or woman. However, there is no need, nor is it always becoming, to follow ultra designs slavishly. A sensible person picks out what she most likes, and what she feels suits her type, and then modifies it to conform to her figure. A button-up-the-front coat-dress is one easy style to wear, and is adjustable to any figure. So is a shirtwaist dress. Both designs are well in the winter fashion picture.

About suits

"I HAVE often benefited by your suggestions, and now I would like you to help me. It's about a winter suit. Could you give me details about styles that are being worn?"

Shoulders are inconspicuous in suits and are mostly finished with very light padding. Skirts are straight with wraps or pleats at the back. Skirt lengths range between 14 and 15½ inches from the ground. Jacket designs include pouch back, single-breasted classic line with long revers, and a box jacket. Most dress houses are showing at least one model mildly reminiscent of the 1920's. These have a loose jacket, tapering around the hips (rather shapeless), and a tubular skirt.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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PIPING Hot

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● This week's menus are planned (as the title suggests) to be served piping hot.

DISHES which are familiar all-time favorites are included, but each has extra richness and interest given by the addition of different ingredients and flavors.

You, too, can make your old favorites more appetising, nourishing, and tempting by adding an unusual garnish or a new flavor interest.

By careful experiment, adding only small quantities at a time, every regular dish can have a new look and taste so that the family and guests will be amazed at the endless variety you can serve.

The artful use of sauces, chutneys, vegetables, herbs, capers, red and green peppers, and mint and parsley can work wonders with a simple, rather dull savory dish. Also spices, grated fruit rinds, jams, fresh and preserved fruit combinations, and sauces will add zest and appeal to your desserts.

Never be afraid to add extra ingredients, but be cautious and add sparingly at first.

A wise cook will note those combinations which appeal most to the family and work along similar lines on future occasions.

Here is your chance to use your own imagination and ideas, so go ahead carefully and successfully.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

Celery and Onion Cream Soup
Dublin Stew with Corn and Peas
Steamed Date Pudding
Tea or Coffee

CELERY AND ONION CREAM SOUP

(Tempting and appetising.)

Three cups milk, 4 tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 onions, 4 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon mustard, 3 cups meat or vegetable stock or water, salt and pepper to taste, pinch nutmeg, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 2 cups cooked diced celery, parsley sprigs and fried bread croutons.

Melt margarine or butter, add peeled and sliced onions and cook until lightly browned. Remove. Add flour to margarine or butter in pan, stir, and cook 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in mustard, then milk. Continue stirring while mixture boils and thickens. Add stock or water, nutmeg, and parsley. Fold in onions (reserving few rings for garnishing) and celery, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Reheat to just under boiling point. Serve garnished with onion rings, parsley sprigs, and fried bread croutons.

DUBLIN STEW

(Old-time Irish stew with added flavor.)

One and a half pounds neck chops, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1½ pints water, ½ cup tomato puree or 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 medium-sized onion, 2 large potatoes, 1 parsnip, 2 carrots, parsley, peas, corn, and tomato wedges.

Trim chops, remove any loose bone and gristle. Wipe with damp cloth and coat with flour, salt, and pepper mixed together. Place in saucepan, add water and tomato puree or sauce mixed together, cover, and simmer 1 hour. Prepare vegetables—peel and slice onion, peel potatoes, scrape carrots and parsnips, dice coarsely. Place vegetables in large basin, cover with boiling water, allow to stand 5 minutes. Drain, add to meat, simmer further 45 minutes to 1 hour. Serve in heated casserole dish and surround with cooked peas and corn. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

STEAMED DATE PUDDING

(Aged—but ever popular.)

Three ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, 6oz. chopped stoned dates, 1 tablespoon mixed nuts, date puree, pineapple slices, cherries, and custard.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and honey. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in dates, nuts, then sifted flour alternately with milk. Fill into well-greased pudding-mould. Cover with kitchen paper greased on both sides, tie under rim of pudding-mould with string to keep paper in position. Place in saucepan of boiling water with water coming half-way up sides of mould. Cover tightly and steam 1½ to 1¾ hours. Keep water at same level throughout cooking time. Remove paper and invert on to heated serving dish. Top with date puree made by heating 4oz. chopped dates with ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, and 1 tablespoon water until a soft, smooth consistency is formed. Decorate with pineapple slices and cherries and serve with custard.

MENU 2

Haricot Bean and Bacon Soup
Fricassee of Rabbit with Cheese and Spinach Fritters and Creamed Potato
Golden Marmalade Puddings
Tea or Coffee

HARICOT BEAN AND BACON SOUP

(Good and wholesome.)

Half-pound haricot beans, 1 large bacon bone, 2½ pints water, 1 onion, 2 carrots, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup tomato puree or tomato pulp, 3 tablespoons flour, extra ½ cup water, 3 bacon rashers, parsley sprigs.

Soak beans overnight. Drain, place in saucepan with water, bacon bone, peeled and diced onion, and scraped and diced carrots. Add pepper, mint, and parsley and cook until beans are tender. Drain, reserving liquid. Take out 1 cup of the vegetables and rub remainder through a sieve. Return both sieved and unsieved vegetables to the liquid. Remove bacon bone and add Worcestershire sauce, tomato puree or pulp, lemon rind, and flour blended to a smooth paste with the extra water. Reheat soup, stirring constantly, until it boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Grill bacon rashers (rind removed) until crisp and lightly browned. Serve soup very hot garnished with crumbled grilled bacon and parsley sprigs.

FRICASSEE OF RABBIT

(A simple favorite served this time with cheese and spinach fritters.)

One rabbit, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, small pinch powdered dried herbs, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red or green pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 pint water, 2 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon margarine or butter, cheese and spinach fritters, tomato wedges and parsley sprigs to garnish.

Continued on page 54

DISHES given in Menu 1 are illustrated above. You'll agree that, although they are simple, old-fashioned recipes, extra flavors and garnishes make them look inviting.

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V12/2FC/O



LIVERWURST bacon-burgers make a delicious hot luncheon dish served with green peas and garnished with tomato wedges. Baked tomato halves topped with creamed potato flavored with chopped chives may be served with the burgers. Recipe wins prize of £5.

Prize dishes this week

THIS page is reserved for the homemaker; through its columns good home-tested recipes are shared with other readers, and suggestions made for using seasonal supplies in new and interesting ways.

All you have to do is write your recipe clearly in ink, include full name, address, and State on each page. Post to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Send as many entries as you wish.

LIVERWURST BACON-BURGERS

Three-quarters pound liverwurst, ¾ cup fine breadcrumbs, ¼ cup minced onion, little grated horseradish (if available), bacon rashers, tomato wedges or slices or baked tomato halves, parsley.

Remove skin from liverwurst; add breadcrumbs, onion, and horseradish. Mix well and shape into 4 or 6 patties. Remove rind from bacon and arrange 2 pieces crosswise. Place a liverwurst patty where strips cross, bring all four ends of bacon up on to top of patty, and secure with a cocktail stick or sharpened match. Repeat until all patties are wrapped. Place on greased oven tray and bake in hot oven until bacon is cooked and patties thoroughly heated. Serve hot with savory sauce, tomato, and parsley to garnish.

Savory Sauce: Into a saucepan place ¼ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 cups roughly chopped tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer until onion and celery are quite soft. Rub through coarse strainer or sieve. Melt 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, add 1 tablespoon flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in the vegetable pulp a little at a time, beating until smooth. Stir over heat until mixture boils.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Day, 89 Christmas St., Northcote N16, Vic.

RICH CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

Four ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 2oz. sweetened condensed milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. dark block chocolate.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and condensed milk. Add chocolate, cut or broken into small pieces. Work in sifted self-raising flour. Roll mixture into small balls, coat each one with extra castor sugar. Place on greased tray, press down with fork. Cook in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 10 to 15 minutes. Watch carefully, as biscuits burn easily. Store in air-tight tin when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Forsyth, 476 Penshurst St., Roseville, N.S.W.

BAKED STUFFED PUMPKIN

One small pumpkin, approximately 2lb., ¼ cup medium thickness white sauce, 1 cup chopped cooked meat, 2 tablespoons chopped ham or bacon, 2 tablespoons very finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon fat or margarine.

Wash and dry pumpkin, cut slice from top, making a lid. With sharp-edged spoon scoop out seeds and pulp from centre. Season with salt and pepper. Mix together all other ingredients except fat. Fill into centre of pumpkin, replace lid. With sharp-pointed knife make a shallow cut around centre of pumpkin. Grease all over with fat or margarine. Place on a greased baking-dish, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1½ to 1¾ hours. Serve hot, cut in wedges, and garnished with parsley or mint.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Kelly, 66 Bryson St., Canterbury E7, Vic.

PIPING HOT

Continued from page 53

Wash rabbit, soak ½ hour in warm water. Dry, cut into joints. Place joints and peeled and sliced onion in a casserole dish, add herbs, parsley, and ½ pint of the water. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1½ hours. Blend powdered milk and flour to a smooth paste with the remaining ½ pint water, stir into casserole with parboiled red or green pepper. Top with cheese and breadcrumbs mixed together and dot with margarine or butter. Return to oven until top is lightly browned. Arrange cheese and spinach fritters around edge of casserole, and garnish with tomato wedges and parsley. Serve with creamed potato.

To prepare cheese and spinach fritters, dip spoonfuls of cooked, well-seasoned spinach into a cheese-flavored fritter batter and deep-fry in fuming fat until golden-brown.

GOLDEN MARMALADE PUDDINGS

(Old-fashioned but nice.)

Six ounces flour, 1½oz. margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons marmalade, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 5 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons shredded peel, extra 2 tablespoons marmalade, 1 dessertspoon sugar, and 1 dessertspoon water.

Sift flour, rub in margarine or butter. Add sugar, beaten egg, marmalade, nuts, and lastly soda dissolved in milk. Fill into 6 small greased pudding moulds (individual size), and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Invert on to heated serving plate, top each with shredded peel, and coat with marmalade syrup made by heating extra marmalade, sugar, and water until smooth and hot. Pour evenly over each pudding. Serve with custard.

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"Some teeth are lost through decay.. but EVEN MORE through gum troubles."



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IT PROTECTS YOUR GUMS

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S.R.49.WW142



CLOSE-UP of new-style serving table with cupboard door that opens down to provide extra space.

FURNITURE DISPLAYED AT SHOW

● Illustrated on these pages are furnishing exhibits from the Sydney Royal Show.

Other interesting examples were published in last week's issue.

The modern serving table, kitchen, and double-decker bunk were designed by Miss Joyce Brown of Anthony Hordern's. Boy's room and section of main bedroom were in Grace Bros.' exhibit.



UNUSUAL wall treatment for bedheads. Scroll and rose wallpaper panel is superimposed on similarly toned striped background.



A DOUBLE-DECKER bunk for a boys' room. The bunks are made in sections and are known as "knock-up" types, which can be quickly and easily assembled. Color scheme of this room was: Tan walls, polished floor, curtains and bedcovers in blue, green, and yellow plaid.

NEW AUSTRALIANS IN THEIR NATIONAL DRESS

RICHLY embroidered national costumes and elaborate head-dresses worn by new Australians were admired by visitors at a handicrafts exhibition at the Department of Education Building, Sydney, arranged by the New Australians' Cultural Association.

Pictures at foot of these pages show how varied such costumes are. Interesting also to note that in the majority of cases the wearers themselves made and embroidered these picturesque costumes.

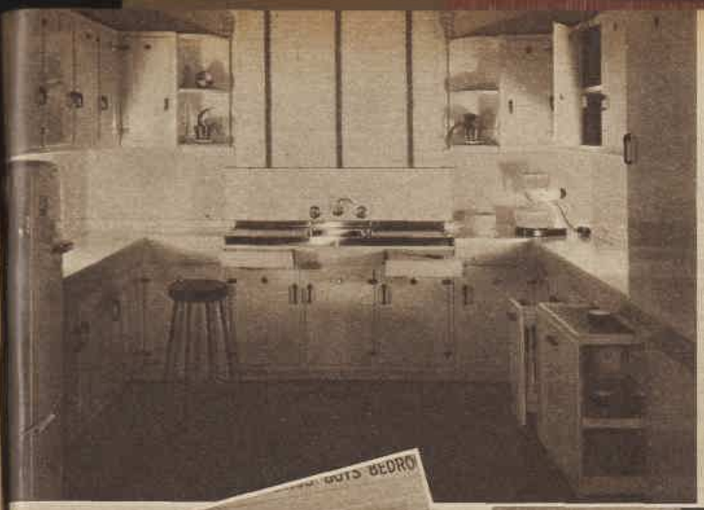






MIRDZA POLIKEVICS, in regional dress and lovely, beaded head-dress worn by unmarried girls in Latvia. (Centre): Aleksandra Czudowska, of Poland, playing chess with Alfreda Marcovitch, of Yugoslavia. (Right): Estonian Heldi Kull, wearing a "kaised" or full-sleeved bodice, made and embroidered by herself.

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ANOTHER Royal Show exhibit was this streamlined kitchen, designed with turquoise wall, red linoleum floor, red handles to white cupboards, and white venetian blinds taped in red. The pull-out rack, which houses cooking gadgets and the tray-mobile are new features. Close-up of these is shown below.





PLEASANT ROOM for boy. Walls have imitation leather wallpaper. Old English print linen curtains and bedspread.



ATTRACTIVE INDOOR garden at Royal Show, designed by Mr. Tim Anderson, of Anthony Hordern's.

Treatment of parasites

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SYMPTOMS traceable to body parasites, such as tape worms or thread worms, should be known to mothers.

One, the itch mite, causes the disease scabies. Pediculi, body-lice, which sometimes infest the heads of schoolchildren, also give mothers much trouble and anxiety.

A leaflet describing and giving suggestions on treating such conditions can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.





PICTURESQUE in their colorful dresses: Olga Pijols, Vija Vetra, Sigrida Greiners, and Mirdza Polikevica, holding exquisite pieces of Latvian craft work. (Right): George and Nina Denyaenko, from the Ukraine, in front of the beautiful Ukrainian exhibit.

A Room of Beauty for a Bride



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Fashion PATTERNS



Pattern for beginners

● *Every week a special pattern will be included in this section, priced at only 1/3 and chosen as suitable for beginners, as it is comparatively easy to make.*

F5970.—Easy-to-follow beginner's pattern for an attractive new blouse design. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¼yds. 36in. material. Special price, 1/3.



F5971.—Small girl's one-piece dress; contrast adds interest. Sizes 20, 23, 27, and 31in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1¾yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast, plus 2yds. lace edging. Price, 1/8.

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F5972.—Three-piece trousseau set has lavish lace trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for nightgown, 2¼yds. 36in. material for slip, and 1yd. 36in. material for scanties. Requires for trim 2yds. 29in. lace and 24yds. lace edging. Price, 3/6.

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F5969.—Smart one-piece with an adjustable collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

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Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
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Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
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